The Bucks County Gazette.

VOL. XVII. BRISTOL, BUCKS COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY, MAY 1, 1890. NO. 37

Spring Song.

The swift is wheeling and gleaming,
The brook is brown in its bed,
Rain from the cloud is streaming,
And the bow bends overhead.
The charm of the winter is broken!
The last of the spell is said!

The eel in the pond is quickening,
The grayling leaps in the stream;
What if the clouds are thickening?
See how the meadows gleam!
The spell of the winter is shaken!
The world awakes from a dream!

The fir puts out green fingers,
The pear tree softly blows,
The rose in her dark bower lingers,
But her curtains will soon unclose;
The lilac will shake her ringlets
Over the blush of the rose.

The swift is wheeling and gleaming,
The woods are beginning to ring,
Rain from the cloud is streaming;
There, where the bow doth cling,
Summer is smiling afar off,
Over the shoulder of Spring!
—Robert Buchanan.

THE REST IS SILENCE.

When the loved voice is heard no more
Whose falling tones were doubly dear,
There falls upon the listening ear
A silence never felt before.

It is not that the senses strain
To catch a sound they may not hear;
It is the grieving spirit's ear
That longs and listens still in vain.

And lo! this silence, sudden grown,
Threads every cry of joy or fear;
All wonted sounds that greet the ear
Break with a wailing undertone.
- St. Louis Globe Democrat.

A PHYSICIAN'S STORY.

An old physician in Atlanta told me a strange story the other day about a young couple who lived in the city some twenty-five years ago.

Talk of fiction, he said, his fine eyes beaming thoughtfully, I have known stories in real life that, should I give them to the world in print, they would be considered the wild, sensational fancies of a madman's brain.

Many years ago I was summoned one evening to a handsome residence in the upper part of Whitehall street—the street then most popular for residences. The mistress of the house had been a wife three years. I knew the circumstances of her marriage and the history of her whole inner life. She was at the time of her marriage in love with a man who was separated but not divorced from his wife, the laws of the Roman Catholic church, to which he belonged, forbidding divorce.

She married her husband because she was poor and dependent, and in those days there seemed little else for a woman to do but marry when she grew up.

The husband was a man of some means, but a dissipated reprobate, an opium eater and drunkard, and there had been sad stories about the wife's wretchedness and the husband's brutality since the marriage.

As I entered the hallway there was an ominous, uneasy look about the servants who met me. The old negro nurse, who had cared for the young woman since her childhood, looked ashy with terror as she whispered:

"Come up stairs, doctor. I think my chile done dead dis time, but I b'l'eve you ken bring her to life."

I followed her silently, and she noiselessly opened the door of the bedroom where the mistress lay. I shall never forget the picture of that young woman as she lay in death like stillness on the white bed, her face as white as the pillow over which streamed the raven like masses of her silky hair.

The delicate brows, the long, curling lashes were jet black, and the only color about this face of mourning lay in the full, red lips. It was strikingly like the face of Titian's sleeping Venus, and I inhaled its strange, sad beauty with my soul, as my brain was busy with the question of this woman's strange condition and its cause. I saw in an instant that she was heavily drugged and turned to the nurse for an explanation.

"She been dat way five hours," said the old woman. "Fust I thought she was asleep, den when she look like she done daid I sen fur you, den I fine dis bottle by her."

She handed me an empty morphine phial. I went immediately to work giving restoratives. By dint of coffee and compelling her to walk two hours she finally came to herself, and the old nurse, fairly fagged out, begged for a few minutes' rest, as I laid her mistress on the bed, and so the girl and I were left together.

She opened her eyes, now clear and brilliant, with a look of recognition full upon me. "You have brought me back," she cried reproachfully, "oh, why did you do it?"

"Through duty and through humanity," I said calmly. She arose upon her elbow and her eyes flashed passionately.

"Through humanity," she cried. "Is it humanity to bring back to life an utterly wretched woman? Did you think to save me from hell by it? Why hell would be sweet to me, compared to this place. You are brutal, inhuman!"

"But think of your child," I protested. "The little girl's soul given into your keeping."

"My child," she cried. "Ah! that only makes me more wretched. You didn't know I took opium, too?"

A surprised stare was my answer, and she continued:

"Yes, I commenced taking it shortly after we were married. He gave it to me and I was coward enough to take it.

"Anything for oblivion; anything to make me forget his existence and my own. I didn't know the child was coming then. I didn't think God would be so merciless as to send me a child after that. Well, when the child came I longed for death more than ever. What sort of mother was I for the rearing of a girl—an innocent, clean souled girl? We have had terrible scenes here today. I think he is asleep now in the other room. Don't you hear him?"

I listened as the sound of that weird, stentorous breathing reached me, and an uncontrollable shudder crept over me.

"Ah, you shudder just to hear him," she laughed wildly. "Imagine living with him; imagine his alternate moods of snarling imbecility and passionate, ungovernable rage. Then think of my going on in this way and growing like him. Think of our being the parents of an innocent child. I shall never have that baby grow up to know me as her mother. I shall do her the one kind act of dying."

I tried to pacify the poor creature with all the arguments and kindly consolations I could think of, but to little avail. I spoke of reformation. I promised myself to take her to an asylum where she could be cured. She shook her head sadly.

"They are never cured," she said. "They lie and say they are, but it's always a lie. Before I married him he swore he was cured, and I believed him. I was a fool and he was a liar."

It was past midnight when I left her, apparently quiet. She had promised to go to sleep, and the old nurse lay on a cot at her feet.

The next morning she was dead, and the story of her death was kept a secret. The old nurse knew that it came from a hidden bottle of morphine, and so did I, but we kept the fact and she received a Christian burial.

A week later the husband left the city with his child, and his home and property were all advertised for sale. Where he went none knew, and he faded out of the life that had known him as a shadow passes away with the sun.

Fifteen years after that I entered an apartment in New York with three young physicians, who had persuaded me to go fortune telling with them that evening. The strange story I have just told had come vividly up to me by the fact that I discovered one of these young men to be the son of the woman's lover. The room we entered was the queerest I have ever seen. The walls were of polished panels of ebony, hung with bright pictures, and having a deep frieze of poppies on an ebony ground.

The carpet was crimson, strewn over with black fur rugs, and the furniture was ebony, upholstered in crimson Persian silk. There were crimson silk shaded lamps here and there, and beside one sat a strange figure, which arose to greet us as we entered.

"That's the sorceress," whispered Darley (the young man I mentioned; his real name I will not give).

The woman was a small, slender creature, all decked in red satin and black lace. Her high heeled red satin shoes were beaded in black, and in the black masses of her hair glittered a crescent of rubies.

Her face was very dark; she had immense black eyes and a crooked mouth, with little dimples at the corners, and teeth brilliantly white. She bowed and smiled to the whole of us, and then her keen, comprehensive glance fell upon Darley. Her face grew suddenly sad and clouded.

"You have an urgent destiny to fulfill," she said. "You have a life to save from present and future perdition. It comes to you as a recompense for two unhappy lives. The story of it all is a terrible one.

"I can but dimly see it, but what I see fills me with horror. I am sorry you came. I am always affected by the fortunes of the people I tell. I can't talk any more now. Leave me, and then all can come some other time for your fortunes. I am very tired."

She sank into her deep crimson chair, and closed her eyes. We left her silently, awed and impressed against our wills.

When we entered the cool air of the October night the young fellows commenced jesting over the scene.

"She's a queer one," said Valentine. "Has lots of believers among the fashionable people, and makes loads of money."

"Confound her," said Darley, with a nervous shrug. "I wish she'd singled out some one else for her uncanny predictions."

"Where shall we go next?" That was the question we stood and asked each other as we reached Twenty-third street.

"Perhaps you'd like to see some of the opium dives?" suggested Marlowe.

"As I'm in for anything uncanny you fellows propose, I think, perhaps, I should."

"Well, there's one here that I know of which is decidedly different from the usual run. You hear of their luxury and all that, but this is the only luxurious one in all New York. It's kept by an old man—a Chinaman, presumably—and a young girl about whom there is nothing Chinese. She's a beautiful creature, and people go there to see her, and she fills their pipes and sings them songs with a look of loathing and scorn upon her face, passionate enough to scare a man with delirium tremens into his senses. I have access to this place, having got the drop on the old man through professional knowledge of some of his proceedings."

To this place we went, reaching it through many ways too complicated for description. At last the queer, crooked little dwarf who met us at the entrance drew apart the rich curtains of the apartment. Along the walls were divans of rich material, upon which reposed forms in the abandonment of drugged sleep.

A dim, crimson glow pervaded the room, and about in this mystical light glided the wraith like figure of a girl clad in shimmering yellow satin, gold embroidered. The figure of the old Chinaman arose from its half reclining position on the richly carpeted floor and bowed with cringing politeness before Marlowe. The man was richly clad in a Chinese robe, gorgeously embroidered. I examined his face curiously. It was not a Chinese face. The complexion, despite the paint, was that of a Caucasian.

The eyebrows were painted into thin, slanting shape, and the full, sensual lips could have never belonged to any one save a Mixado Chinaman. The face recalled something familiar—something I have seen before and liked not the memory of it. As I was pondering over the strange figure the girl came up to us. She held a golden bowl, filled with pipes, in her hands.

"Will you have one?" she asked sullenly, and yet in a voice strangely soft and musical.

I looked up to closely examine the face of this strange young being. The black lashed lids were downcast, and the face, my God! it was the very face of the woman who lay lifeless before me fifteen years before. I felt myself grow weak, and young Darley lay his strong hand on my shoulder.

"Is anything the matter?" he asked.

"Perhaps he's had too much already," I heard the girl say contemptuously.

I saw Darley's gaze fixed like one spellbound upon her, and for the first time she lifted her eyes, and I saw them meet his. In hers lay an infinite, dogged sorrow, like the anguish of some dumb brute; in his lay an infinite tenderness and pity. I knew these two beings had met their destiny.

Two years after this I went to New York, and Darley brought his young wife to see me, and I told them my story and they told me theirs.

After their first meeting he went to the place ostensibly as a patron, but really to watch and study the horrible life of this young creature. He gained her confidence and learned the terrors and misery of her life. The story is too bad, too horrible, for repetition. The girl had kept her purity, but she said sadly to me, "I wonder if all the love and tenderness of my husband and all the deep repentance of a lifetime can wash from my hands the guilt of aiding my fellow mortals to that which is more horrible than death."

Her husband put his arms around her tenderly. "I think God has forgiven your unwilling sin," he said, "and at least he has been kind to bring light and happiness finally out of the darkness and disappointment of two lives now passed away."—Maude Andrews in Atlanta Constitution.

Immigrants in the United States.

Never has immigration from foreign countries to the United States been so great as during the decade just passed. It is stated that in 1878 the number of aliens arriving in this country was 138,469; in 1888, ten years later, it was 546,889; in 1889 the number was 444,427, of whom 432,819 came from Europe. Of these Europeans the Germans stand at the head of the list with 99,538, or a little more than one-fifth. The English are next, 68,503; the Irish, with 65,557; the Swedes, with 35,415; and the Italians, with 25,307. The total number of immigrants arriving from 1820 to 1855 was 4,212,614, a yearly average of 120,360; the number arriving during the nine years ending with 1889 was 5,565,848, a yearly average of 618,427.

Butter as an Oiler.

A French machinist has invented a new lubricant called dynanine and it is being introduced in France. It has the consistency of butter, which it also resembles in color, and it does not inflame at a temperature lower than about 420 degs., its melting point being 183 degs. It is free from resinous matter and drying oils, is not acid, and has no chemical action on metals.—New York Journal.

A Peculiar Brain Trouble.

A man arrested in New York city for supposed intoxication was found to be suffering from a peculiar and obscure brain trouble. He is unable to keep awake and seems to be in a fair way to sleep himself to death.—Times and Register.

In Hard Luck.

"Hello, Jakey. What's der matter?"

Jakey (crying)—I just swallowed a dollar bill. Now I'm in a dollar and out a dollar and I can't keep my books.—New York Herald.

BENEDICT ARNOLD'S HOUSE.

Still Standing in New Haven—Some Reminiscences of the Traitor.

The old Benedict Arnold house is still standing in the Fifth ward, on Water street, near the corner of Olive street. It has fallen into decay, but there are some gray haired citizens who remember it when it was one of the show places of the town. Its orchard was the largest and finest in New Haven, and the grounds were laid out in handsome terraces.

Arnold built the house soon after his return from Ticonderoga. He must have been a man of some wealth, for the house was well built and the grounds were ample. Arnold was not a popular man. He had a violent and irascible temper, and "would rather fight than eat," as has been said of him. He always found fault, and the ferryman who took passengers across the mouth of the Quinnipiac river before the bridge was built dreaded to have him for a passenger, for he always swore at them for not rowing faster.

Nevertheless, Arnold was a man of affairs. Besides his business as a druggist and bookseller, he, with Adam Babcock, owned three vessels engaged in the West India trade. They were the brigantine Fortune, forty tons; the Charming Sally, thirty tons, and the Three Brothers, twenty-eight tons. Arnold never took particular pains to see that all custom house dues were paid; in fact he was very lax in this particular. It is related that once on a time a sailor on board one of his vessels reported some of these laxities to the collector of the port. The report was made on Sunday, and the collector refused to receive it, and told the sailor to come again on Monday. In the meantime Arnold had heard of the sailor's tale bearing. Before Monday came Arnold adopted a course of moral and physical suasion which compelled the sailor to leave town with his tale untold. Arnold's laxity in regard to the custom house laws was probably not much greater than that of his neighbors. Indeed, to evade the customs was a virtue rather than a fault, for it was regarded as a justifiable method of protest against taxation without representation.

Arnold's property was confiscated after his treachery at West Point was discovered. Pierpont Edwards acted on the government administration and sold the property to Capt. Isaac Prout. Capt. Prout made only a partial payment, and was unable to meet the subsequent payments as they became due. In this way the property came into the hands of Noah Webster, the lexicographer, and he lived there for some years, finally selling it to James Hunt, a West India merchant, who devised it to his daughter, wife of D. Goffe Phipps, of this city. The house still remains in Mrs. Phipps' possession, although it has been almost dismantled.

Betsey Arnold, a sister of Benedict Arnold, lived for years and years, after her brother's disgrace, in Norwich on public charity. When she was 90 years old she was taken to the almshouse by old Sheriff E. G. Thomas. Betsey made a great how-de-do about it, and was so grieved that she lived only a few months. She was a strong old woman, and had much of her brother's temper.—New Haven Palladium.

How to Die.

I was in Oudh at the time when a very rich Hindu—brother to the famous prime minister of Nepaul, Sir Jung Bahadur—arrived in a dying state at the sacred city of Ajudhia. Though stricken with mortal sickness, he had made the long and painful journey from Nepaul in order to die in the holy city that gave Rama birth, and which is to the Hindu what Mecca is to the Moslems, and for more than Jerusalem is to Christians.

On hearing of his arrival the English magistrate at Fyzabad went to see him, the day before his death, as it proved to be. He found the rajah lying on a low wooden bedstead, such as is used by the poorest natives, in a bare, mud plastered little room, having neither windows nor a single article of furniture except the bedstead in it, and with his silver dishes and drinking vessels spread about on the mud floor. To English eyes it seemed truly a strange and comfortless deathbed, but such a view of it would not have struck any of the Hindus present; the dying man, they would have said, had all he needed, and God was gracious to have let him live till his journey was accomplished.

I know of no western parallel to this scene.—Temple Bar.

Novel Cure for a Rat Bite.

Mrs. Inaba, who lives in Iyo province, was bitten by a rat twenty years ago, which nipped her toe one night while she lay asleep. For sixteen years she felt the effects of this bite and at times the wound would swell and fester. Recently she suffered acutely and her leg swelled up to a great extent. Just then she heard that for a bite of a rat there was no better remedy than the flesh of cat. She at once ordered one of her servants to go into the village and catch the first cat she came across. This done, it was cooked, and Mrs. Inaba set to work to eat it. Next morning she was much better, and in two or three days the swelling had gone down and she was well again.—Osaka (Japan) Marivichi Shimbun.

The State of the Lungs.

To ascertain the state of the lungs, draw in as much breath as you conveniently can; then, with a watch before you, count the seconds in a slow and audible voice, without drawing in more breath. The number of seconds as long as possible thus counted during a single breath gives a very accurate idea whether the lungs are healthy or diseased. In a consumptive the time does not exceed ten, and is frequently less than six, seconds; in pleurisy and pneumonia it ranges from nine to four seconds. When the lungs are sound the time will range as high as from twenty to thirty-five seconds.—Christian Union.

PETE AND THE PHONOGRAPH.

A Dog That Declines to Show Surprise at the Wonders of Science.

Next to Mr. Crane himself and Mrs. Crane, who is as popular among those who know her as her genial husband, the two most attractive features of the elegant flat in Fifty-seventh street are Pete and a phonograph. Pete is a bright little black and tan, the joint property of Mr. and Mrs. Crane. Much travel and careful training have made of Pete one of the most intelligent of dogs. He has seen a great deal of this great country of ours, always accompanying his master and mistress on the comedian's tours, and what he does not know about Pullman car porters and conductors and hard hearted hotel proprietors is not worth learning by a well bred dog. He has a bright, saucy eye, which looks you straight in the face and gleams with canine wisdom. Pete always barks at the approach of a stranger, but the minute the stranger's hand is grasped by Mr. or Mrs. Crane he is accepted as a member of the family, and not even a growl disturbs the social harmony of the occasion after that. Pete is, to sum his character up in a few words, a remarkably well behaved dog.

The antipathy of Pullman car porters and hotel keepers to dogs of any kind is well known, and Pete has had many an adventure in his encounters with these unfeeling people. His master and mistress, however, have a sleight of hand trick by which they render him invisible to all but themselves when occasion requires, and Pete always travels with them in as fine style as they, in spite of railroad rules and perquisite grabbing baggage smashers. Just how this is accomplished is a secret which even a reporter feels bound to guard as too sacred for the public ear.

Pete is always at the theatre when Mr. Crane acts. He goes to his master's dressing room, curls himself up in a chair, and remains there usually until the end of the play. Mr. Crane may change his clothes a dozen times in the course of the play, but the dog knows every suit, and never moves until his master begins to make the last change after the curtain has fallen in the last act. Then Pete arises, shakes himself, and makes ready to take his seat in the carriage which whirls him home. Occasionally he makes excursions on the stage between the acts, and greets his friends among the company.

On these forays his eyes are kept on all sides of him, and if Mr. De Vere, the stage manager, happens to appear, Pete scampers off in a hurry to his master's dressing room. He knows that he has no business on the stage, but he also knows that nobody but De Vere will feel called on to enforce the rules. Except at those times when a guilty fear overcomes his natural affection, Pete is a warm friend of Stage Manager De Vere.

The phonograph was for some time a mystery to Pete, and he eyed it suspiciously as it sent forth its volume of sound from familiar voices. On Mr. Crane's cylinders are songs and recitations by Frank Wilson, Jane Stuart, "The Senator" himself, and a number of friends with whom Pete is familiar in the flesh. When it was first brought to his attention Pete barked lustily at the phonograph, but he soon got used to it, and would walk about unconcernedly while it was being used, or sit sedately by and enjoy its utterances with the guests of the family.

One day a friend of Mr. Crane's prepared a cylinder for Pete's special benefit. He suddenly ended a humorous recitation and song with the shout, "Here, Pete! come here, you little scoundrel! Here, Pete! Pete! Pete!" The dog bounded around him in glee, but when the calls were repeated by the phonograph in the familiar voice of the man who was absent, the dog was fairly transfixed with amazement. He stared at the great funnel from which the call issued, jumped frantically about it and whined. This was repeated two or three times, while his master and mistress, with their guests, laughed loudly at his performances.

Then Pete began to meditate. What his line of reasoning was will never be known, for with all his intelligence Pete is dumb. But he evidently came to the conclusion that he was being made game of, and one day when the shrill yell "Here, Pete!" issued from the phonograph, the dog failed to respond in the accustomed way. He uttered a low growl, seated himself gravely before the funnel, and with a sedate face sat watching it until the sounds ceased, when he arose, grabbed a little rubber chicken and began playing with it as though nothing had occurred to arouse his curiosity. He has never been deceived by the phonograph since, and if his little brain is filled with wonder when the instrument is on exhibition, he exercises a remarkable self control over his face. Pete and the phonograph are now on equal terms. He declines to be astonished by it.—New York Times.

Animals That Eat with Their Gizzard.

The cuttle-fish, which, among other strange things, always walks with its head downward, does not chew its food at all, but masticates with its gizzard. So do geese, fowls, ducks and indeed all modern birds. Seizing their food in their beaks, they swallow it whole, if grain or seed, and in large pieces if it be fruit or bread. In that condition it goes into the gizzard, a powerful muscle with a very tough, horny lining, which acts as a mill, being sufficiently powerful to pulverize uncooked corn. To assist in the milling process all grain-eating birds swallow little pieces of gravel, glass, crockery, metal, etc., the horny interior of the gizzard being sufficiently tough to escape cutting by these materials. It is because of this fact that the ostrich has acquired his reputation of enjoying a ferruginous diet.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Cost of Animal and Electric Power.

Experts have for some time been experimenting and estimating upon the comparative cost of running a line of street cars by electricity and by horse power. After careful inquiry and investigation they have reported that taking a line of fifty cars the average cost of operating per day with horses is \$303.75, against a cost when electricity is used of \$68.50 per day. This leaves a balance of \$231.25 per day, or nearly \$5 a day on each car, in favor of electric traction; this means the saving in a single year of a large proportion of the amount necessary for equipping the cars with electric appliances for propelling them.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

Strange, Wasn't It?

Fenderson says young women are awfully touchy creatures, and this is how he proves it: They were getting up some amateur theatricals, and when Fenderson told the girls that they must let down their hair, according to stage directions, they all declared they'd have nothing more to do with it—all except one, a girl who without hesitation shook out her tresses, which reached almost to the floor. "And do you know," Fenderson says, "all the rest of 'em declared she was a brazen faced thing. I can't understand it now, by Jove!"—Boston Transcript.

Natural Gas in Cæsar's Day.

Natural gas has been known and extensively used in China and other parts of Asia for many centuries, and history tells us of a natural gas well in France in the time of Julius Cæsar. It was first discovered in the United States near Pittsburg, about fifty years ago, but it is only of late years that it has been extensively utilized.—Golden Days.

John Chinaman's Diet.

It's all bosh, this talk of Chinamen living on a bit of rice or something of that sort. It is true that the Chinese are frugal and that they do not throw money away. But it is not true, however, that they starve themselves. I have had a good deal to do with them, and I am free to say that they are better customers than a good many of their critics. Chinamen like good food as well as other people, and if they can afford to buy it they have it. They are so constituted that they do not require as much of certain kinds of food as do Americans, but do not for a moment imagine that they do not know what good food is or that they cannot enjoy it as much as other men. What is more, when John buys he buys the best article in the market and pays the best price. He has his own dainties, which he gets at the Chinese groceries, but he is also partial to some of the goods sold in American stores.

I am of the opinion that the Chinese, as a rule, have better food, and more of it, than most of our ordinary laborers, for most Chinamen have money, and most of them spend it more freely than the general public believe.—Interview in New York Mail and Express.

When Jarvies Are Tricky.

It is odd to note how extensively some men get known among London cab drivers. There is one individual living not far from the Duke of York's column detested by the whole body of licensees. He is constantly using their vehicles, and has a trick of keeping them waiting unreasonable periods without paying for their time. It is useless to summons him, for in a matter of cross swearing his word is as good as the driver's, at least.

One of the cabmen I talked with complained of being cheated by this man, and chuckled over his revenge. He was hailed by this cabman's enemy in a lonely place when the rain was falling very heavily, and accordingly stopped; but just as he raised the window he recognized him, and dropped it again. "I'll see you drowned first, you beggar," said he, and drove on, leaving his enemy standing in a pool of water.—Murray's.

Newspaper Classifications.

Advertising Clerk — Your advertisement begins: "Wanted, a silent partner."

Patron—Yes; that's it.

Clerk—Do you wish it placed under "business opportunities" or "matrimonial?"—New York Weekly.

A RACE WITH A MAD TIGER

THRILLING ADVENTURE OF A WAY INSPECTOR IN INDIA.

Pursued for Miles by an Enraged Beast Whose Cub Was Killed by the Car. Armed with Only a Revolver—Saved by a Fortunate Shot from a Hunter.

Since the construction of the Dacca-Mymensing railway, a space of two years or more, I had been permanent way inspector of a certain division, ten miles in length, that lay about midway on the line, the total extent of which was seventy miles. This division began on the verge of the vast Madapur forest and lay completely in the midst of a dense tangled jungle, which was inhabited by only a few people and on the other hand was infested with bears, tigers, panthers and hog deer.

I never was much of a sportsman, and perhaps this explains how I fell into the careless habit of going on my inspections comparatively unarmed. I made the round trip three times a week on a trolly, which is merely a high seat on wheels, and is pushed along the track by the trolly men, who are usually fleet footed athletic natives.

It was a very comfortable mode of traveling, if a little slow; for the seat is provided with a soft back rest and one can stretch out at ease with a sun umbrella and a good cigar.

Occasionally I saw deer run across the track, and once a panther gave a brief glimpse of himself as he dove into the jungle. Tigers I knew there were of course, for I frequently saw their tracks in the soft ditch that ran alongside the railway cutting.

DESERTED BY THE NATIVES.

One damp, sultry morning I had just started from the station and my trolly men, Pershad and Jung, were bowling me along at a gentle rate of speed. It had rained heavily the night before, and for a while frequent stops were made to clear away the limbs which the storm had blown on the track at some points in great confusion. This occupied considerable time, and it was toward noon when we approached the center of the division.

I always carried a pistol with me, not from fear of wild beasts, but because the few Hindoos who inhabited parts of the forest were not above suspicion. We had just struck the commencement of a rather heavy grade which circled round a bend some twenty yards ahead and then swept on in a straight line for a distance of a mile and a half.

We were going pretty rapidly, and I could hear the quick, heavy breathing of the Hindoos behind me as the trolly turned a curve.

I was in the act of lighting a cigar when a loud cry from Pershad caused me to drop the burning match, and wheeling round I saw the two rascally Hindoos making off as fast as their legs would carry them.

I stared in amazement for a second or two and then turned and looked down the railway. That one brief glimpse nearly stood my hair on end, for sprawled lazily on the track barely fifty yards away lay a monstrous tigress fondling two cubs that were sporting between the rails, and beside her stood the father of the family, sweeping his big tail to and fro and calmly watching my approach.

RUNNING OVER A TIGER.

Just there the trolly struck a steeper part of the grade, and away it went with a rush. I grasped the brake wildly and threw all my strength against it. For one brief second the speed slackened perceptibly. Then came a quick, sharp crack, and off we went again at such a dizzy speed that the tangled foliage of the jungle shot past like a wavy green curtain.

The brake had given way. The thought of jumping off never occurred to me. I hung to the seat in helpless terror, my gaze fixed with a resistless fascination on the group of tigers ahead.

I have a very faint recollection of seeing the tigress walk leisurely off the track at the last moment, followed by one of her cubs.

I remember the big tiger, too, crouching in the ditch, with his great red tongue lolling out, and then, as the trolly bounced and grated over some obstacle and my ears were deafened by a most fearful snarling, I knew that I had run over one of the cubs. The jolting was over in an instant, and the trolly, without leaving the rails, swept on down the grade at a terrific rate of speed. There was one tiger less in the Madapur forest, I knew, for, glancing down at the footboard, I saw spattered drops of blood.

All of a sudden I heard above the dizzy hum of the wheels a most terrific roar, and turning instantly around, I was startled to see the big tiger bounding over the rails in hot pursuit.

THE CHASE AND ITS RESULT.

At every jump he roared, and my first impression was that he would overtake the trolly in about one minute. Remembering my revolver, I took it from my pocket and cocked it. Another glance made it apparent that the tiger was not gaining any, and as the trolly was now on the very steepest part of the grade I felt pretty confident that I would ultimately leave him behind.

For the next quarter of a mile I actually did gain, and then, as I began to draw near the foot of the grade, the situation assumed a very ticklish phase, for, astonishing to relate, my vindictive pursuer showed no signs of giving up the race. He was bounding gracefully over the ties, thirty or forty yards behind, without the faintest trace of weariness. Of course, if I could keep up the present rate of speed I would be all right, but just there was the rub. The bottom of the grade was close at hand and then came level track.

Hardly conscious of what I was doing I turned and emptied the remaining chambers at the tiger as fast as I could pull the trigger. One or more of the shots must have struck him, for he stopped short with a fiendish roar and then came on more furiously than ever.

I hurled the empty revolver at him and then settled back on the seat in despair. I could hear the soft patter of the cushioned feet on the ties, the hot breath seemed to be scorching my neck, and then a gun shot was fired almost beside my ear and I caught a brief glimpse of a white helmet and a smoking rifle barrel. I tumbled off the trolly somehow and there lay my late pursuer, breathing his life out across the rails.

My timely rescuer was the resident engineer from Dacca, who was spending a week's furlough in the jungle. My firing had attracted his attention, and he had arrived just in time.—Philadelphia Times.

Thirst for Knowledge.

First Newsboy—Any luck terday?

Second Newsboy—Luck? Y'd better b'lieve it. Been selling newspapers on Wall street all the mornin'—couldn't git 'em fast enough.

"Gee Whittiker! What did the papers have in?"

"All about th' extradition treaty."—New York Weekly.

New Material for Paper.

A new industry has been started in Sweden in the manufacture of paper from moss. Paper and pasteboard of different thicknesses up to nearly an inch have already been made of it.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

Few industries have, during the last few years, developed more rapidly than the wood pulp manufacture in Scandinavia, so much so that grave fears have been expressed that it should share the fate of so many other industries and become overdone. Still there is no perceptible abatement in the rate at which new works are being started and old ones extended.

Raced with a Humpbacked Whale.

Capt. Lemuel Horton, of the schooner Cecilia, at St. John, N. B., has had an experience with a humpbacked whale which he does not care to repeat. He was bound from Parrsboro to St. John, and when off Quale a humpbacked whale hove in sight. The captain's attention was attracted to it, not only on account of its great size, but because of the unusual sight of such a whale in northern waters. The whale, however, made at once for the schooner, and began to play about it as if it thought the vessel some sea monster. It then became aggressive, bumping against the schooner and causing a panic among the crew. Repeatedly did it strike the vessel's hull in this way, nearly foundering the craft. Capt. Horton tried to kill the animal, first by boat hooks, then by shooting, but neither availed. He then attempted to escape from it, and a unique race between ship and whale began. It continued two days, when they reached St. John harbor and the whale gave up the contest, returning to the open sea. Captain and crew were both exhausted, none of them having slept a wink during the time they were trying to escape from the whale, which was seventy feet long.—Philadelphia Ledger.

A Problem in Shoe Blacking.

Around on Washington street, near La Salle, is a man with but one leg who shines boots and shoes in a brilliant and artistic manner. Yesterday morning his chair was approached by two men who wore wooden legs also. One of them took possession of the vacant chair and had his shoe shined. Then the other put up his single shoe and had it polished. Between the two cripples there were but two shoes, and when the second man gained his dismissal he handed over a nickel and said to his friend: "Let me pay for this—it's on me." The one legged shiner took the coin and regarded the other two one legged men doubtfully. "Well," said the man who had volunteered to pay the bill, "what can you kick about? You charge a nickel for a shine and here are two of us with one shoe each. You should know how it is yourself." The one legged shiner pocketed the nickel, kissed his hand to the other two cripples, and they went their way.—Chicago Herald.

Acids Good for the Stomach.

A writer on hygiene says that the common use of soda to correct acidity in the stomach is an error. A counter acid is a safer corrective than an alkali. A little lemon or lime juice, properly used, will remedy the trouble as often as anything. In some cases a very little sugar occasionally, alternated with cold water, is found effective. Sometimes hot water is the best thing. Sometimes nothing is as good as external warmth applied over the stomach. Lemon juice before meals will be very advantageous as a preventative to heartburn. Acids, as a rule, decrease the acid secretion of the body and increase the alkaline. When acid is given for the relief of dyspepsia it should be taken before eating.—New York Telegram.

A Forgotten Freak.

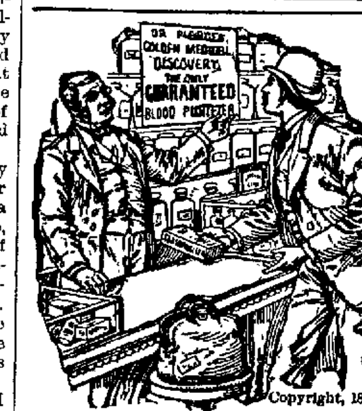
The Siamese twins, Chang and Eng, acknowledged the world over as being the most wonderful pair of human beings born this century, first saw the light of day at Bangesau, Siam, April 15, 1811. The father of this wonderful freak was a Chinaman and the mother a Siamese. They were purchased of their mother when 12 years of age and brought to this country in 1829. In 1841 or 1842 they were married to mulatto sisters in Surry county, North Carolina, where they settled down on a farm. They died at their home near Mount Airy, in the state above mentioned, on Jan. 17, 1874.—St. Louis Republic.

Magnesium.

Magnesium is one-third lighter than aluminum, and at the same time denser, harder and tougher. Atmospheric influence is about the same on magnesium and aluminum; but, while alkalies, such as ammonia or soda, attack aluminum considerably, magnesium is not affected as much. Magnesium is worked into objects having sharp edges, screws, etc., more readily and with better results. It takes a high polish, is readily hammered and rolled, can be swaged or pressed like tin into any shape. It is at present about one-fifth cheaper than aluminum.—Montreal Star.

Influence of a Father's Politeness.

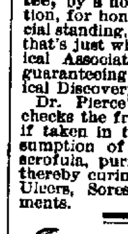
Your children are what you make them; if you want their first and best you must give them yours; if you expect them to be refined and high toned, give the keynote yourself. "Good morning, my child," carries a benison with it, and, in so expressing himself, no man need be ashamed; yet how often does a man neglect this trifling politeness when in the bosom of his family!—Ladies' Home Journal.



TALK IS CHEAP,

and the press teems with advertisements of sarsaparillas, and other liver, blood and lung remedies, but there is *one* medicine, and *only* one, the claims for which, as a cure for all lingering diseases arising from Torpid Liver or Biliousness, or from impure blood, **are backed up by a positive guarantee!** If it don't do just as represented *in every case*, the money paid for it is promptly refunded. This peculiar medicine sells beyond all others throughout the civilized world. And why should it not? "Talk is cheap," but when it's backed up by a **positive guarantee**, by a house of long established reputation, for honesty, integrity and sound financial standing, then *words* mean *business!* And that's just what the World's Dispensary Medical Association, of Buffalo, N. Y., mean in guaranteeing their Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery.

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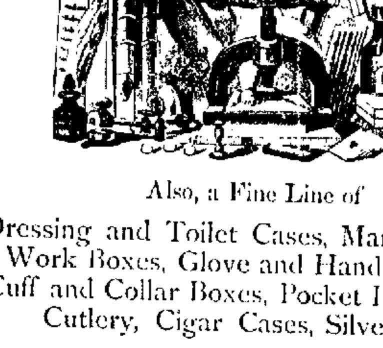
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JESSE O. THOMAS, Editor.

OFFICE—CORNER RADCLIFFE AND WALNUT STS.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

THE GAZETTE will be pleased to receive at all times communications upon current topics. Anonymous communications however cannot be noticed. In all cases the writer's name is required, (not for publicaiton) as a guarantee of good faith.

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THURSDAY, MAY 1, 1890.

Death of an Old Elephant.

The quarters of the great Forepaugh show at Lehigh avenue and Edgmont street are in mourning over the death of one of the famous herd of trained elephants that have so often delighted the crowds at the show performances. Tippecanoe, who will be remembered as one of the most intelligent of the pachyderms composing the herd, dropped dead at the advanced age of 114 years.

The news was telegraphed to James E. Cooper, the present owner of the show, who presented the remains of the brute to the Medico-Chirurgical hospital through Dr. D. P. Keyser. As Mr. Cooper was anxious to know the cause of the mysterious death of Tippecanoe, Professor E. Laplace, accompanied by several medical students, visited the winter quarters of the show and made a post-mortem examination of the body. A surprising discovery was the result.

Upon attempting to open the abdominal cavity a slight incision was followed by the sudden bursting of the thick hide, causing the doctor to start back in affright. With much difficulty the heart was taken out and was found to be highly inflamed.

It was of such an immense size that it could not be forced into an ordinary washtub, such as is generally used by housewives. There was much speculation among the students as to the weight of this organ. When it was placed in one of the hay scales it tipped the beam at exactly 102 pounds.

The examination showed that the other organs of the animal were in a perfectly normal state, but the inflammation of heart, together with the evidence of pronounced pericarditis, and a great amount of effusion, showed plainly that the cause of death was dropsy of the heart. The skeleton of Tippecanoe will be articulated, and the hide stuffed and presented to the college.—Philadelphia Times.

Wants $5,000 for His Scalp.

Senator Plumb has introduced a bill to pay $5,000 to a man who was scalped. Accompanying the affidavits and other papers in the case is a realistic piece of evidence in the form of a recent photograph. This picture shows the head as it looks now, twenty-six years after the knife was applied.

The claimant is Robert McGee. His home is at Easton, in Leavenworth county, Kan. In 1864 McGee was only 14 years old, but he was rather large of his age and thought he could induce the officers to accept him as a recruit. He went to Fort Leavenworth and enlisted. When the mustering came on McGee was rejected, but was given a place as teamster by a contractor, who was about to take a wagon train of government supplies from Fort Leavenworth to Fort Union, in New Mexico. McGee was an orphan. He had no home to which he could return, and no friends with whom he could advise.

He took the position of teamster under the impression that he was still in the government service, although he had been rejected as a soldier. Near what is now the flourishing city of Lamed the wagon train was wiped out by Little Turtle's band of Indians. McGee was the only survivor. He was scalped and left on the ground for dead. This happened on the 11th of July, 1864. The terrible ordeal left the boy shattered in health. For many years he made a living by exhibiting his scarred crown, and now he appeals to the government, not for a pension, but for the lump sum of $5,000. The claim comes under the classification of Indian depredations, although there is nothing just like it on the records.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

A Spider in His Ear.

Daniel Cadden, a clerk in the comptroller's office, has been suffering the most intense pain in his head for nearly a week. It struck him on Wednesday night, and at intervals he jumped about his room like a crazy man. At night he suffered terribly, and a physician who was called, after a thorough examination, thought he detected an unusual noise near the drum of the ear. He inserted an instrument, and after about three minutes' work brought to light a great, ugly looking spider. The insect had crawled into the man's ear while in the market house on Tuesday. Cadden is all right now.—Baltimore Sun.

A Child Born with Wings.

A gentleman from Jonesboro was at the Capitol and told Mr. Briscoe, of the railroad commission, a queer story. He claims that in Jonesboro a baby was born last week which has four legs and feet, four arms with hands and a pair of wings on its shoulders. The gentleman vouched for the truth of the story, and said that it is still alive, and when he saw it was yelling as lustily as any ordinary two legged, two armed and wingless infant.—Atlanta Constitution.

Two Givers.

Bridget—Please, mum, I'd like twenty-foive cents to take to church, mum.

Mrs. De Fashion—Certainly. But—let me see—the smallest I have is fifty cents. Can you get change?

"Yis, mum."

"Well, bring me back two tens and a five. I'm going to church myself this evening."—New York Weekly.

That Was It.

The signal service did predict cyclonish weather for the vicinity of Louisville, just as it claimed on the start, but as only two or three of its predictions for the entire winter had come within forty rods of the mark the people were not to blame for giving no heed to this one.—Detroit Free Press.

Feeling-Somewhat-Better and Slow-Boat, two long haired braves from a Mojave agency in Arizona, are in Washington on a tour of observation. Slow-Boat is a chief 70 years of age. Feeling-Somewhat-Better is his interpreter. Neither Indian has been out of the territory of Arizona before.

Never touch a vine that has three fingered leaves—that is, leaves divided into three parts. Vines that show five fingered leaves may be handled with safety. Poison ivy has three fingers.

A man named Catoni, a giant above seven feet high and proportionately stout, with an enormous head, has just died in Italy. Before his death he sold his skeleton to the Anatomical museum at Rome for $2,000.

Of the eleven medals given last year by the life saving service for signal acts of bravery in the rescue of drowning persons, three were bestowed upon heroes under the age of 15.

Well Trained Lions.

Darling, a tall, handsome fellow, accompanied by a splendid mastiff, now steps in the arena. He cracks his whip, a few revolver shots are fired and in they rush straight from the stable, Leo, Tom, Pasha and Sultan, four magnificent samples of African kings of the desert. As soon as they catch sight of their master they are as quiet as lambs. One of them stands on his hind legs, places his fore paws on Darling's shoulders and licks his face. They then squat on a couple of benches, each awaiting his signal to go through his performance. After a few preliminary exercises, a number of stands or pedestals were placed close together and the five animals executed a series of tableaux vivants with striking effect. On being sent back to their places three of the lions obeyed the injunction, but the second of the group remained where he was. As neither coaxing nor entreaties availed, Darling simply threw his protege over his shoulder and carried him to his place.

A swing plank was introduced, on which the merry performers disported themselves for a while. Sitting upright on their stands they had afterward to hold out flags spread out from one to the other, over which the mastiff jumped in mighty leaps. When at last, to all appearance, tired with their labors, they all lay down together. Darling gracefully reclined on the soft couch and Nero, the dog, skipped around, barking merrily at the charming picture of still life. After a short repose Tom mounts a tricycle without assistance and sets it going with his fore paws. Leo assists his comrade by pushing behind, and off they start all round the ring. Meanwhile Darling puts the harness on the other pair, using silk ribbons for bridles. He mounts his chariot, flourishes his whip, and at a furious gallop they dash round the arena. The door is suddenly opened, and the performance is at an end.—Le Temps.

Illness Among English Judges.

The Hilary law sittings just concluded were principally remarkable for the epidemic of illness which attacked the majority of the judges. The master of the rolls (Lord Esher), Lord Justice Bowen, Mr. Baron Huddleston, Mr. Baron Pollock, and Justices Hawkins, Mathew, Stephen, Grantham, Wills, Kay and Williams were in turn incapacitated by illness from attending to their duties, whereby the lists in both the appeal court and the queen's bench division have got very much in arrear. Sir James Hannen was also obliged to relinquish his duties and go abroad some time before the sittings came to an end. Mr. Justice Kay is stated to be still very ill and not likely to be able to resume his seat for some time, but the other judges, with the exception of Mr. Baron Pollock, who has been ordered three months' rest, will probably be able to resume their duties. —London Times.

Big Bats That Bite.

The red mammoth bats that were captured near the headwaters of the Tensas river and owned by Mr. Leggett, at Cypress City Saw Mill, severely bit two of his fingers while feeding, and it is feared that he will lose his right hand.

These bats have been removed to Tensas, and travelers passing through there should not fail seeing them. They measure from tip to tip of wings twenty-two inches, and are something similar to the large vampire bats of the tropics. Mr. J. A. Massey, who has traveled and lived for some time in the Central and South American countries, claims that they are the same species and as large and poisonous as those found in those countries. These curiosities will soon be forwarded to the Zoological Gardens in Philadelphia, being the only red bats of their species found in captivity north of the Rio Grande.—Natchez Democrat.

A Brave Little Girl.

There is a little girl up at North Stonington, Conn., who possesses rare presence of mind. She is Susie Bromley, aged 8 years. A few days ago, while in her father's barn, she put her hand into the hay cutter, gave the crank a turn, and out dropped three of her tiny fingers, nicely sliced off. Without stopping to cry, little Susie calmly picked up the fingers and took them to the house. Her mother immediately hitched up a team and drove her child to the family doctor, who neatly attached the severed fingers to the stumps. Though he took some chances of failure in the operation, it is now reported that the fingers are growing on again beautifully, and the doctor says they will be just as good as ever.—New York Evening Sun.

Floods in New South Wales.

Extensive floods have done great damage in New South Wales and Queensland. A large part of Brisbane was inundated, the wharves submerged, gas supply shut off and railroad traffic stopped. Hundreds of families are homeless and many fatalities were reported. Grafton, Singleton, West Maitland and other towns were flooded. Mail communication was cut off throughout many districts. Many losses of life and great destruction of property are reported from interior points. At last advices the floods were subsiding and communication was being restored.

Senator Ingalls' New Home.

The intelligence comes from Atchison, Kan., that Senator Ingalls has built a new residence upon the site of the family home which was destroyed by fire, and that it is quite as attractive and comfortable as the old place. It stands on the banks of the river, some distance from the town, and about the house is a beautiful tract of land, upon which landscape gardening and floriculture are practiced with success.—Indianapolis Journal.

An "Experiment," You Know.

Detroit street car companies insist that the electric railway is still an experiment. St. Louis will soon have ninety miles of it in operation, and the total mileage in the country is over 1,000. It is an "experiment" only when a company does not want to go down into its pocket to give the public better transportation.—Detroit Free Press.

Aimee Rapin.

"He would have been a great artist if he had come into the world without hands," said Lessing of the painter Rapin. The remark may contain some of that exaggeration inseparable from enthusiasm, but it is based on a sound common sense which experience has justified. To our own day belongs a Swiss artist, Aimee Rapin, who has attained an enviable rank in her profession, without the use of hands.

She was a strong and healthy child, but was born without arms. From her earliest childhood she showed the most astonishing dexterity in the use of her feet, and as time went on her ability to make them serve instead of hands was greatly increased. Her foot coverings were, on that account, carefully arranged so that the toes should not be hampered or confined.

One day, while Aimee's mother was walking in the garden with her little girl, she was surprised to see the child suddenly throw off her shoes, pluck a flower with her left foot and then pull off the petals, one after another, with the toes of her right foot.

After the mother's attention had thus been drawn to the little girl's suppleness and dexterity she took pains to cultivate her muscular powers, and succeeded far beyond expectation.

The child showed a decided talent for drawing, and after her school years were ended it was decided to allow her to pursue her studies at the School of Art at Geneva. There she soon distinguished herself as an industrious and highly gifted pupil.

Miss Rapin now lives in Paris, where she is known, not as a curiosity, but an artist of high rank. She has chosen portrait painting as her specialty, and guides her brush, held between the great and second toes of the right foot, with perfect ease and security.—Youth's Companion.

Troublesome Journey to a Friend.

Two Charlotte ladies were on the way to visit a relative who lives six miles from the city, when they saw an old white woman and two girls bobbling along in the road. One of the girls was almost blind and the other was on crutches. The ladies invited the crippled girl to ride in their carriage to "the turn of the road," and she accepted. Along the way the ladies learned quite an interesting history of the trio. They were from Illinois, and had walked every mile of the way from that state. They were bound for Lincoln country, N. C., to visit a relative there. They would always spend the night at the house of negroes, as they had heard that the negroes in this section were better than the whites. They got money by begging along the road. They made from six to ten miles a day. After a few weeks with their Lincoln relative they expect to tramp back to Illinois.—Norfolk Landmark.

A Mountain's Reflection.

Attention is being called to the fact that the peak of Teneriffe at dawn casts upon the ocean a shadow that at first appears to be flat upon the surface, but that gradually seems to rise up until it is perpendicular, and stands apparently a reproduction in black of the real mountain which beside it is white and glowing in the sunlight. The scientific explanation of the phenomenon is that the shadow at first is really flat upon the water, but that, as the heat of the rising sun causes a vapor to rise from the ocean, the shadow gradually becomes cast against the bank of fog instead of upon the water, and really is straight up in the air.—San Francisco Argonaut.

A Horse That Will Pay for Itself.

Mr. Imes, of Terre Haute, who bought Axtell, the great stallion trotter, for $105,000, is at the Fifth Avenue hotel. I have heard numbers of persons wonder how he could expect to get his money back. I was told by Mr. Imes that he will receive $50,000 during the year for exhibitions of the great trotter, under engagements now booked. Besides which he is under fifty engagements with the animal for breeding, which will bring him $50,000. The big horse will pay for himself the first year.—New York Press.

A School Mistress to Be Sued.

Miss Ella Eaves, a school teacher at Upland, in Delaware county, has the bad fortune of getting into trouble through her mode of chastising her pupils. She is to be brought before a justice of the peace to answer for putting a piece of sticking plaster over a pupil's mouth to keep the child from talking in school. The boy's father says he must have redress for this wrong, as his son was not the guilty party.—Philadelphia Times.

Surpliced Female Choirs.

Surpliced women choirs are becoming fashionable, and the innovation is a sensible one. Nothing is more inappropriate than a gayly dressed choir. Those that were not surpliced had the appearance of a spring opening on Easter Sunday.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

Cumulative Evidence.

Hostetter McGinnis—Do you really think that we are going to have real spring weather now?

Gilhooly—I've no doubt of it. I see the shadow of the strawberry shortcake looms up no bigger than a man's hand.—Texas Siftings.

A report from the Delaware Valley Ornithological club states that thus far this year the unusually large number of 112 species of migratory birds have been seen in the vicinity of Philadelphia by members of the club.

Spooning at Sunrise.

Early risers here who go down to the beach to find an appetite for breakfast have observed a large number of persons strolling along the beach at a very early hour in the morning. This is the fad which Philadelphia has sent down for the spring season. It is very popular with young couples. Before breakfast some of them walk the whole length of the island, and return to the hotels fresh and hungry. A few drive along the beach just after sunrise, but the young people invariably walk. The crowds to be seen taking these morning strolls are, when in town, the late sleepers. The weather being unfavorable to moonlight promenades, the young folks come out early in the morning and take a constitutional along the ocean front. One morning I counted a dozen couples out enjoying the sunshine and salt air an hour before the older people had finished their morning naps.—Atlantic City Letter.

A Kicker Who Kicked to Some Purpose.

Joseph Mannifield, a young man who lives in Elizabeth, N. J., is a noted football player, but at present he is incapacitated from indulging in his favorite game. He is suffering from several rather severe dog bites. A few evenings ago, as he was returning to his home in Elizabeth, he was attacked by three savage dogs. The animals acted in concert, and for a short time did fairly good work. The athlete did better, though. He used his feet as though he were playing a game of football. With a fine drop kick he laid one of his assailants dead in his tracks, and sent a second flying over an imaginary goal, breaking several of his ribs and injuring him so that he felt that he had had his day and crawled home to die. The third dog ran away, and his owners say they don't know where he is now.—New York Sun.

Sheep Blown Into Space.

About one mile west of Eminence lives Mr. James Drane, a prosperous farmer. His farm was directly in the path of the tornado. A Mr. Maddox and child, who lived on the place, were killed by a falling house, and Mr. Drane's residence was unroofed and his barns demolished.

But the most singular occurrence was that a large flock of sheep on the farm was picked bodily up by the wind and blown away. The sheep were missed the day following the storm, and diligent search was made for them all over the surrounding country, but no trace of the animals could be found. So thorough was the search that it left no doubt in the minds of those engaged in it that the sheep were actually blown out of the neighborhood.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Dom Pedro's Condition.

There seems to be no doubt that the ex-emperor of Brazil is in a lamentable way. Paresis has apparently set in, and as Dom Pedro is pretty well advanced in years the end will come all too quickly. The old gentleman is quiet and harmless. He wanders about the gardens of the palace at Lisbon, asking continually whether a recall to Brazil from the royalists has arrived. This man was a kind and benevolent potentate—the gentlest and most liberal sovereign in all Christendom—yet he was the first to go. Had there been brutality in his nature he undoubtedly would yet be upon a throne, and the republic of Brazil would be a thing undreamed of.—Cor. Chicago News.

No Cremation for Catholics.

The Cardinal Archbishop of Paris has issued an energetic protest against cremation, in accordance with the formal decision of the Holy See. In his circular to the priests of his diocese Cardinal Richard calls the practice a "pagan custom," which the municipal council of Paris, in its hatred of religion, is endeavoring to make common. The Catholic church, as the cardinal points out, has preserved the traditions respecting burial which the Jewish nation had originally received from the patriarchs, and had adopted the custom of depositing the dead in consecrated clay.—Paris Cor. London Telegraph.

A Count's Queer Dress.

The Bavarian count who is soon to marry a young woman of Philadelphia is making quite a sensation in the Quaker city by his costumes. At an evening reception he wore knee breeches of black satin, with black satin bows at the knees. He also wore black silk stockings and patent leather shoes, so low that they were scarcely more than slippers. His vest was of black satin, so high that only about four inches of his linen was visible. His evening coat, of the ordinary cut, with some modifications, was of cloth, green in color and adorned with silver buttons.—Chicago Herald.

There was a group of well known pugilists in the Strangers' gallery of the house of commons a few nights ago to hear a debate upon a bill affecting their calling, and they were so offended when one speaker intimated that it was unnecessary to pass a law to keep these men from hurting each other, because they always took care to arrange that between themselves before they began to fight, that they all got up and marched out in a body.

It was claimed in the meetings attending the celebration of the forty-second anniversary of modern spiritualism recently that there are 80,000 spiritualists in Boston alone, many of whom are scattered among the various churches.

Gen. John C. Fremont, who has had a slight attack of influenza, is able to take short walks. This is the first illness "The Pathfinder" has experienced, although he is in his 77th year.

The Chicago Tribune affirms that this sign is displayed on State street in that city: "Columbus Laundry. Come in and get your shirt washed and ironed while you wait."

Two Russian climbers of Mount Ararat found in perfect preservation a minimum thermometer, which was left there last year. It registered 50 degs. below zero.

Opposition to Standard Time.

There was a large public meeting at City Hall, in Bath, Me., April 7, to demand that the city clocks be set on local time. Three years ago it was decided in public meeting by a vote of 4 to 1 to do this, but Mayor Wakefield cited the statute, and stated that it could not legally be done. There has been much complaint since, and it was voted that the mayor be asked to return the clocks to local time.—Boston Herald.

The accident to the City of Paris has alarmed a number of persons who had intended sailing for Europe this spring and summer on flyers. They are writing to the offices and agencies of the crack steamboat companies now asking that their passage be changed to slow boats. The ten day ships are really in excellent demand.

A bullet from one of the new English army rifles being used at the range at Aldershot camp a few days ago went wild and traveled two miles without stopping. Practice at the range has had to be discontinued on account of the long range the rifles are thus shown to possess.

Miss Phœbe Maybery, of Casco, Me., spoiled a beautiful funeral recently by coming to her senses after four days of suspended animation in time to dismiss the relations and friends who had assembled to attend her funeral. Miss Maybery is 80 years old.

Seven thousand pounds of mail matter is now lying at the break in the railroad at Cow Creek canyon, Cal., without any means of forwarding. The contractors have given up the job, while no teamster will touch the mail unless he is paid 2 cents a pound cash.

The equipment of the Hartford Free library, for which a fund of $400,000 has just been completed, includes $200,000 worth of books and manuscripts, the latter being valued at $80,000. The whole number of volumes now at hand is not far from 100,000.

A victim to epilepsy was found dead with his face in a little pool, scarcely two inches deep, at Bellefontaine, O. It is supposed that he fell in a fit, with his mouth and nose beneath the surface, and was drowned before recovering consciousness.

Be Sure

If you have made up your mind to buy Hood's Sarsaparilla do not be induced to take any other. A Boston lady, whose example is worthy imitation, tells her experience below:

"In one store where I went to buy Hood's Sarsaparilla the clerk tried to induce me buy their own instead of Hood's; he told me their's would last longer; that I might take it on ten

To Get

days' trial; that if I did not like it I need not pay anything, etc. But he could not prevail on me to change. I told him I had taken Hood's Sarsaparilla, knew what it was, was satisfied with it, and did not want any other. When I began taking Hood's Sarsaparilla I was feeling real miserable with dyspepsia, and so weak that at times I could hardly

Hood's

stand. I looked like a person in consumption. Hood's Sarsaparilla did me so much good that I wonder at myself sometimes, and my friends frequently speak of it." MRS. ELLA A. GOFF, 61 Terrace Street, Boston.

Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

Wanamaker's

PHILADELPHIA, Monday, April 28, 1890.

The Dress Goods sensation. French stuffs, this season's make, and at an average of half regular prices.

They've set the dry goods men talking; they've set merchants buying to sell again; they've crowded some of the longest counters in the store with delighted customers.

Take these Mohair Brilliantines. Some striped or plaided by dainty stripings of silk; some rich with Jacquard figures. All of them in choice Spring shades, and every yard a good square $1 worth, as such goods go. The price is fifty cents.

Then here are Striped French Serges in all the new colorings. Imported to sell at 50c. As good or better stuff than you're likely to come across in any store at 50c, The price is twenty-five cents.

These are the two price extremes—30, 35 and 40c between. About 300 styles and colorings all told.

All the widths and styles in the Black Hemstitched Grenadines are plenty once more—1½, 2, 2½, 3, and 4 inches. $1.75.

More than one hundred fresh styles of Linen Lawns at the counter now. Handsomer than ever—if possible. 20, 25, 30, and 40c.

What we call Linen is Linen. Every time. And by bringing the goods in big lots straight from the looms to you we can make prices as little as those of the half-cotton deceptions the market is overflowing with.

For instance, these old-time Barnsley Table Linens — as good and honest now as in your grandmother's days — they're the regularly $1.25 quality, but the price is 80 cents.

Or this German Table Linen, extra heavy, free from starch or sizing, at 65 cents; we hear of nothing at even 85c that is as good.

We told you the other day of heavy Damask Sets (cloth and napkins) at $3.75 and $5. Every word still holds good. Mervels of cheapness.

That's the way in every class of Linens, from the daintiest Handkerchief to the heaviest Carpet Covering; qualities are away up and prices away down. For instance:

If these Women's Convent-Hemstitched Handkerchiefs were laundered they'd equal any we know of at twice the prices:

12½c each, $1 50 a dozen.
15c each, $1 80 a dozen.
25c each $2 50 a dozen.

Here are two more, both for the woman: (1) Plain white hemstitched, printed border, embroidered, corners, ten cents, (2) Plain white, hemstitched, embroidered initial, ten cents.

Both are of pure linen. We don't know their match outside under 15 cents.

Men's and Boy's Clothing is going more as we mean it to. Better kinds, lower prices: the push is for both all the time. See the natty Sailor Suits for Boys, or the Harris Cassimere Overcoats for Men. They stand for all.

JOHN WANAMAKER.

DRUNKENNESS—LIQUOR HABIT—IN ALL THE WORLD THERE IS BUT ONE CURE, DR. HAINES' GOLDEN SPECIFIC.

It can be given in a cup of tea or coffee without the knowledge of the person taking it effecting a speedy and permanent cure whether the patient is a moderate drinker or an alcholic wreck. Thousands of drunkards have been cured who have taken the Golden Specific in their coffee without their knowledge, and to-day believe they quit drinking of their own free will. No harmful results from its administration. Cures guaranteed. Send for circular and full particulars. Address in confidence, Golden Specific Co., 185 Race Street, Cincinnati, O

Card of Thanks

If the proprietor of Kemp's Balsam should publish a card of thanks, containing expressions of gratitude which come to him daily from those who have been cured by the use of Kemp's Balsam, it would fill a fair-sized book. How much better to invite all to call on any druggist and get a free sample bottle that you may test for yourself its power. Large bottles 50c and $1 00.

A Complete Establishment.

Johnson Brothers, the popular clothiers at the corner of Mill and Wood streets, are now ready for the Fall and Winter trade. They can dress a man from head to toe in the best style and for a small amount of cash. Their Clothing, Hats, Caps, Underwear, Hosiery, Shoes and Neckwear, are all of the latest styles and best makes. They have suits from $5 to $20, honest goods and well made. Hats, from 40 cts. to $3.00. Underwear from $1.00 to $3.00 per suit; and shoes, well made, neat, strong and substantial, at various prices. For reliable goods, bought from standard houses, go to Johnson Brothers. They keep no auction trash upon their premises.

PEACE NOT YET DECLARED.—As long as the fight lasts among the wall paper manufacturers the Fidelity Wall Paper Co., of No 12 North Eleventh street, Philadelphia, will give the public the advantage of the drop in prices. We get this from them direct. Send four two cent stamps for samples of their 9, 12 and 15c gilts,

Bristol Advertisements

Miss M. G. Paxson,
PORTRAIT ARTIST,
TEACHER of DRAWING—Illustrations, Designs, Sketches.
Radcliffe Street, above Walnut,
BRISTOL, PA.

FRED. B. BOOZ,
—DEALER IN—
FINE GROCERIES, FRUITS, AND PROVISIONS
A specialty in
TEAS AND COFFEES.
Goods Delivered Promptly.
COR. RADCLIFFE AND WALNUT STS
☞ Your trade is solicited.

James Warden,
DEALER IN
Groceries, Provisions, Fruits, &c.
Cor. PENN AND POND STS., BRISTOL, PA

J. D. LOWDEN,
No. 50 Mill Street, Bristol,
HAS THE FINEST STOCK OF
BOOTS, SHOES, GAITERS, &c.
REPAIRING NEATLY DONE

CHAS. WEEKS,
—DEALER IN—
Pure Lehigh Coal,
Lime, Sand, Stone, Wood, &c.,
OFFICE—Mill Street, above Radcliffe Street Bristol, Pa.
Your trade is solicited

WILLIAM TERNESON,
Manufacturer & dealer in
Ladies' and Gentlemen's Fine
Boots, Shoes & Gaiters,
Cor. Mill and Pond Sts., BRISTOL, PA.
A first-class calf-skin Gaiter, my own make, $3. Also a full line of John Mundell's Solar Tipped Children's Shoes.

JOHN NIMON,
DEALER IN FINE
Groceries, Provisions, Fruit & Vegetables,
FRESH DAILY.
My Teas and Coffees are the Best.
COR. WOOD AND WASHINGTON STREETS.

SAMUEL SCOTT,
THE MILL STREET GROCERY!
74 MILL STREET,
WHERE WILL BE FOUND
Provisions, Fruits, Nuts, Etc;
OF ALL KINDS,
And as Cheap as will be found in Bristol.

C. F. HERRMANN,
—DEALER IN—
FURNITURE, CARPETS, AND WINDOW SHADES.
Goods sold on Easy Payments.
UPHOLSTERING, FURNITURE REPAIRED
Radcliffe St., opposite B. F. Gilkeson's office, Bristol, Pa.

Filling. Handsome Artifical Teeth. DR. G. W. ADAMS, DENTIST, BRISTOL, PA. Extracting Without Pain. Cleaning.

Philadelphia Cash Grocery
AND CHICAGO BEEF MARKET,
Radcliffe & Market Sts, Bath & Buckley Sts. Bristol, and Second & Parman and Hudson and Mott Sts., Trenton, N. J.
FOUR STORES!
Immense quantities of goods bought for cash prices, for cash, and will be sold at correspondingly low rates.
Choice Roast, 10c. per lb. up.
Choice Steak, 12c up Stewing Meat, 4, 6, 8, 10
Gilt Edge Butter, 25c. per lb.

BURTON'S EXPRESS.
JOSHUA BURTON
is at all times prepared to do jobs of
HAULING
of every description, and at prices to suit the times.
Furniture handled with care.
Orders left at Kelley's Cigar Store, No. 68 Mill street, will receive prompt attention.

AN OFFICE WHERE
Everything in connection with
REAL ESTATE
IS CAREFULLY ATTENDED TO
You can buy a Property, have the deed drawn, procure a loan on mortgage, get the building insured and the lot surveyed; the whole transaction completely and carefully attended to by one person, just as you would do it yourself, if you knew how.

A. Weir Gilkeson,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
BRISTOL, PA.

HOGUET'S
WHOLESALE & RETAIL
Pioneer Drug Store!
Nos. 13& 15 Mill (Main) Street, Bristol Pa.
The Oldest and Largest in Bucks County.
(ESTABLISHED IN 1844)
By the present proprietor.
A large stock of first class
Drugs, Medicines, Chemicals, Toilet Articles Soaps, Brushes, Perfumery, Patent Medicines, Sponges, Chamois Skins, Paints, Oils, Glass, Putty, Varnishes, Dye Stuffs, Diamond Dyes, &c.
Also SPICES of all kinds, WARRANTED PURE, at low prices.
☞ Physicians' Prescriptions Accurately Compounded.
L. A. HOGUET
Druggist and Pharmacist

YOUNG'S DRUG STORE.
55 Bath St., Bristol, Pa.
We have on hand a large & well selected stock of
Drugs, Medicines and Chemicals,
Perfumery & Toilet Articles,
White Lead, Oils & Varnishes,
Agent for the sale of N'ee & Raw's
Ready Mixed Paints,
These Paints are guaranteed to be the best in this market.
We give personal attention to the compounding of Physician's Prescriptions, at all hours, day or night, and guarantee PURITY and ACCURACY always.

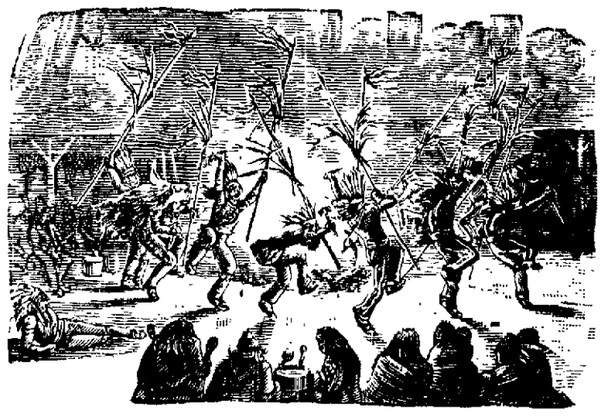
EGGS FOR HATCHING.
PURE PEKIN DUCK EGGS, 75 CTS. PER setting of 11. M. H. IREDELL.

Miscellaneous

WASHBURN & ARLINGTON'S
--NEW--
United Shows, World's Fair,

TRAINED ANIMALS, WILD WEST, WILD EAST, EGYPTIAN CARAVAN, MOORISH ENCAMPMENTS,

BRISTOL, Thursday, **MAY 1.**



ADMISSION, 25 CENTS.

ABOUT PRINTING.

WE desire to call the attention of the public to the fact that the Job Department of the "Bucks County Gazette" is better equipped than any printing office in Bristol, or in the lower end of the county, in all material that is needed to produce excellent printing.

It contains the largest assortment of type, selected with care for beauty of face and diversity of work, together with a great variety of cuts, rules, borders, etc. It has four different sizes of presses, of the best makes, which perform the work in the best manner, and print with rapidity.

Artistic * Printing.

Fine Color Work.

THE stock of paper, envelopes, cardboard and cut cards is large and varied, and the whole is under the personal and direct supervision of Geo. R. Sherman, an experienced and practical workman.

Special attention is given to printing of sale bills. Work of this character we make a point of getting done on the same day that it is ordered. Visiting and business cards, envelopes, circulars, dodgers, hand bills, posters, letter and bill heads, books, pamphlets and all other printing done promptly and correctly. Mourning stationery kept constantly on hand.

Printing in Colors a Specialty.
Presses Run by Steam Power.
Full Count on all Jobs Guaranteed.

Prices the Lowest. Liberal discounts given on large orders. We do more Printing and have better facilities than the other offices in Bristol combined, and consequently we have the trade, and are determined to keep it. Give the office a call and be convinced.

GAZETTE PRINTING HOUSE,
Odd Fellow's Hall, Cor. of Radcliffe and Walnut Sts.

Miscellaneous

Do Not Read This

Now is the Time to Buy Your

COAL

Lehigh Coal

Of the Best Quality, and all sizes. Screened & Picked! Blacksmith Coal, free from Gas.

Dry Kindling Wood,

HARD AND SOFT,

HAROLD PEIRCE,
Executor of Chas. W. Peirce's Estate.

JOSEPH S. PEIRCE, Agent,
Cor. Washington and Canal streets.
BRISTOL, PA.

To Rent.

WITH OR WITHOUT POWER, A ROOM in the rear of Pond Street Machine Shop. Apply at S. B. ARDREY & SONS.

FOR SALE.

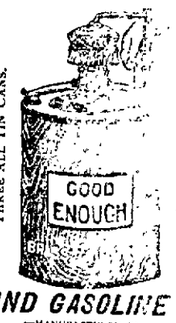
BUSINESS STAND AND DWELLING ON Mill Street, Bristol, Pa. Location first-class. Apply to Mrs. Butler, Bath Street, Bristol, Pa., or A. G. Swain, Custom Department John Wanamaker, 13th and Market, Philadelphia.

AGENTS Wanted to canvass for the sale of our Home-Grown NURSERY Stock. Most Liberal Terms. Unequaled facilities. One of the largest, oldest-established, and best known Nurseries in the country. Address, W. & T. SMITH, Geneva Nursery, Geneva, N. Y. Estab. in 1846.

Miscellaneous.

O. I. C. This is the Place where you will find
A NICE ASSORTMENT OF
GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS!
SUCH AS
Fine White, Fancy Dress and Working Shirts, Underwear of all kinds, Collars, Cuffs, Neckwear, Gloves, Shoes, Umbrellas, Hosiery, etc.
Boys' Ready-made Clothing.
PANTS TO ORDER, $3 to $10.
SUITS TO ORDER, $12 to $35.
YOST & STEPHEN, 34 Mill St.

THE "GOOD ENOUGH" CAN.
THE MOST PRACTICAL LARGE CAN ON THE MARKET. HAS HEAVY BRASS BOTTOM, AND WILL OUTWEAR THREE ALL TIN CANS.



OIL AND GASOLINE CANS
—MANUFACTURED BY—
The Winfield Manuf'g Co., - Varnum
EVERY FAMILY SHOULD HAVE ONE.
No Dropping Oil on the Floor or Table. No Faucet to Leak or get knocked off and waste Contents or cause Explosions. Pours Freely and Can close automatically Air Tight.
No Leakage—No Evaporation AND ABSOLUTELY SAFE.
A Universal Household Necessity
CALL AND SEE THEM.
FOR SALE IN BRISTOL BY
Thomas B. Douglass.

Charles Guyon,
GENERAL HOUSE PAINTER!
—AND—
Hard Wood Finisher;
Washington St., next to School House,
BRISTOL, PA.

A CHANCE TO MAKE MONEY.
Salary and Expenses paid or commission if preferred. Salesmen wanted everywhere. No experience needed. Address, stating age, The C. L. Van Dusen Nursery Co., Geneva, N.Y.

NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®
NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®

The Bucks County Gazette.

Entered at the Bristol Post Office as second class matter.

THURSDAY. MAY 1. 1890.

BRISTOL POST OFFICE.

ARRIVAL AND DEPARTURE OF MAILS.

NEW YORK—Arrives at 7.00, 10.45 A. M., 4.45 P. M. Closes at 7.00, 8.45, 11.30 A. M., 1.00, 6.45 P. M.

PHILADELPHIA—Arrives at 7.00, 7.45 A. M., 4.00, 5.00, 7.15 P. M. Closes at 5.15, 10.00 A. M., 2.45, 6.45 P. M.

NEWPORTVILLE—Arrives at 8.00 A. M. and leaves at 8.08 A. M.

EMILIE, OXFORD VALLEY, &c.—Arrives at 10.15 A. M. Close at 11.45 A. M.

BELVIDERE DIVISION—Arrives at 7.00, 10.45 A. M., 3.30, 7.15 P. M.

TULLYTOWN, PENN VALLEY, MORRISVILLE—Arrives at 10.45 A. M., 5.30 P. M. Closes at 7.00 A. M., 4.00 P. M.

TRENTON—Arrives at 7.00, 10.00 A. M., 3.30, 7.45 P. M. Leaves at 7.00, 8.45 A. M., 4.00 and 6.45 P. M.

WESTERN—Arrives at 7.45, 10.00 A. M. Mails for the West and South go by every Philadelphia mail.

Post Office closes 8.00 P. M. Saturday, 8.30 P. M. Open Sunday from 8 to 9 A. M.

W. H. H. FINE, P. M.

PENNSYLVANIA R. R. TIME TABLE.

In Effect March 2, 1890.

Leave Bristol for Philadelphia at 2.46, 5.35, 6.20, 6.53, 7.21, 7.45, 8.06, 8.23, 9.14, 9.42, 10.26, A. M. 12.07, 1.01, 1.35, 3.03, 3.12, 4.06, 5.37, 5.46, 6.25, 7.21, 8.18, 9.27, 11.03, P. M.

Sundays at 2.46, 8.11, 9.00, 10.26, A. M. 12.04, 12.25, 5.33, 5.38, 7.21, 7.30, 8.48, 9.28, 11.03, P. M.

Leave Broad St. Station for Bristol at 12.01, 6.07, 6.28, 6.50, 7.32, 8.30, 10.01, 11.15 A. M. 12.01, 1.50, 2.43, 3.31, 4.00, 4.20, 5.00, 5.02, 5.25, 5.53, 6.00, 6.02, 6.31, 7.27, 9.17, 9.50, 11.17, P. M.

Sundays at 12.01, 7.40, 8.30, 9.12, A. M. 2.00, 5.28, 5.45, 8.12, 10.25, P. M.

LOCAL INTELLIGENCE.

—Joshua Peirce, of Tacoma, Wash., spent last Sunday in Bristol.

—Burnet Landreth left Bristol last Tuesday on a visit to his seed farm in Virginia.

—The circus is the attraction in Bristol to-day. It goes from here to Princeton, N. J.

—The Bristol base ball club go to Burlington to-day to play a game with the club over there.

—The Bristol club and the Adams, of Philadelphia, will play a match game of ball on Saturday next.

—List of letters remaining in Bristol P. O., May 1st: Mrs. Samuel Brown, Thomas Cox, Miss Annie Gye, Samson Ganges, Mrs. Tuley Howard, John R. Raub.

—One way to boom a town is to make the tax-vote excessive. That will knock it higher than a kite if anything will. Elizabeth, N. J., is a fine sample of that way of doing business.

—The Sewing School of St. Paul's Mission will hold its annual commencement exercises on Monday evening, May 5th, at 7.30 o'clock in the Mission room, Mill and Pond streets. Annual prizes for improvement in sewing will be awarded. Admission free.

—The Seminary Glee Club, of Crozer Seminary, will in connection with other talent, give an entertainment at the First Baptist church, to-morrow evening, commencing at 8 o'clock. The programme has twelve numbers and consists of solos, quartettes, recitations, &c. It will without doubt be an enjoyable occasion and should attract a large audience. The price of admission is 25 cents.

—Some of Bristol's best amatuer talent will give a specially enjoyable entertainment in Riverview Hall about the middle of the month. Those who will take part in the affair are now actively engaged in preparing themselves to merit the applause of an appreciative public. The proceeds of the entertainment will be turned over to the Bristol Library.

—The preposterous error into which our evening cotemporary falls that an arbitrary increase in the valuation of property for purposes of taxation is equivalent to an actual raise in value is sufficiently glaring to be ridiculous. Property in Bristol sold higher under the old valuation, which was about one half the present one, than it does now. Comment is unnecessary.

—We are requested to state that the call for the meeting on Wednesday evening May 7th, to aid in the formation of a Board of Trade, was designed to be sent to every one whose business or personal interests would seem likely to make the subject worthy of his consideration, and if any such have failed to receive individual invitation, it is hoped that the oversight will not prevent them from attending the meeting and feeling just as welcome as if such invitation had reached them.

—William Anthony, a young man about 22 years old, living below Bristol, on what is known as the island farm was found dead this morning on the railroad track between Tullytown and Bristol, having evidently been struck by a train. He had gone to Trenton yesterday to visit his brother and sister. The deceased was a member of the Junior Order United American Mechanics and of the Knights of Phythias, of Bristol. The funeral will take place in Trenton on Saturday and delegations of these lodges will attend the funeral.

—The editor of the Doylestown Democrat, although a political opponent to Comptroller Gilkeson, has the manliness to uphold his recent decision which was attacked by some newspapers. The Democrat says: Second Comptroller Gilkeson has made an important decision, but we think a sound one, that claims once paid by the Government shall be considered finally settled. The rule laid down by the Comptroller that where a claim has been allowed and paid, upon evidence satisfactory to the accounting officers, it shall be considered finally settled, and that all claims for moneys which have been once paid shall be disallowed, is a rule founded in sound public policy. It is the only rule that will protect the Government against the payment of a multitude of claims twice.

—The initiatory steps for the formation of a Board of Trade for Bristol have been taken. Several preliminary meetings have been held by leading citizens and a meeting is announced for next Wednesday evening at Washington Hall to which those who are presumed to be in favor of such an organization have been invited to be present. The special object of the contemplated Board of Trade is to "boom the town," by giving public and emphatic announcement to the outside world of the various and indisputable advantages that Bristol possesses as a specially favored locality for manufacturing and other industries and as a healthful and charming place of residence. The object is one which merits the consideration of all who are interested in the welfare of Bristol and in the prosperity of its inhabitants.

—Mrs. Philip Wisler, of Newportville, was compelled to submit to a dangerous surgical operation on Thursday afternoon of last week. She has had for some years, what is known among medical men as ingulnal hernia, which this week became strangulated. Her physician, Dr. Charles Dingee, was sent for, but was unable to afford her relief by ordinary methods, and decided that an operation must be made. This was concurred in by his father, Dr. Richard Dingee, Dr. Pursel of Bristol, and Dr. Griffith, of Trenton, who had been her previous medical attendant, and Dr. Pursell was requested to operate, which was immediately done. The intestine was found much discolored, but not decomposed, but firmly adherent to the sack, and after a great deal of delicate manipulation, was successfully returned within the abdomen. The medical gentlemen are not very sanguine of her recovery, and the aged lady, who is over seventy, has the sympathy of her many friends.—Doylestown Democrat. Mrs. Wisler is still living, and the crisis is past. The surgeons think that she is in a fair way to recover.

—John Marche McComes, Sr., died Thursday, April 24th, at 12 o'clock, at his residence, White Hall, Baltimore county, Md., in the eighty sixth year of his age. He served in the legislature of 1846-7, and was known as the workingman's friend from Baltimore county. He was always a forcible and ready speaker, and was credited with the passage of several important bills of that session. In 1863 he formed Company I, Ninth Maryland Volunteers; was captured at Charleston and taken to Libby Prison where he remained for five months. Since that time he has lived quietly at his farm, near White Hall. His wife, who was a Miss Bosley, of Baltimore county, survives him. They had six children—three sons and three daughters, all living but one son, James Bosley McComas, who at the time of his death, was tax collector for Baltimore county. The remaining children are J. Marche McComas, Jr., Rev. N. D. McComas, of Philadelphia; Mrs. Captain John Cowell, of New York, Mrs. G. W. Anderson, of Monkton, Md., and Mrs. B. C. Foster, of Bristol, Pa. Captain McComas came of the good, old patriotic stock of that name in Maryland, and was a bluff, hearty and hospitable man. The fire of the loyal old defenders and patriots burned in his veins, and, though above the conscript age when the last war broke out, he raised a company of men and went to the front with the Union men of his neighborhood. Captain McComas' mother was a daughter of Zaccheus Onion, one of the earliest iron-founders in Maryland. Many of his relatives were in the war of 1812, and Harry Gough McComas, who is said to have shot General Ross, the British commander, was a cousin of Captain McComas.—Baltimore American.

—An event of rare interest and pleasure was the celebration of the golden wedding of Hon. and Mrs. Symington Phillips, on Monday, the 28th instant, at their home on Radcliffe street. Mr. and Mrs. Phillips, looking remarkably young and happy, received the congratulations of about 250 friends between the hours of 5 and 8 o'clock. Fifty years ago Mr. Phillips, a young man 21 years of age, and Miss Margaret Phillips, age 18, were married in Bristol, by Dr. Phillips, of New York, father of the groom, and have lived all their married life here, where they have many good and true friends. The house was profusely adorned with flowers, remembrances of different friends. In a room up stairs were displayed handsome presents of gold table-ware, exquisite china, cut-glass, bric-a-brac, pictures, books, and what is not to be despised, quantities of gold coin, from different relatives. Those who assisted Mr. and Mrs. Phillips in receiving their guests were, Mr. and Mrs. Burnet Landreth, of Bloomsdale; Misses Anna and Kate Phillips, Mr. and Mrs. Edward S. Phillips, of New York; Mrs. Mary Bartow, of Philadelphia, sister of Mrs. Phillips; Mrs. Mary Corey, Mrs. Samuel Swain, Miss Laura Swain, Miss Kirkbride, Philadelphia; Miss Jane Burnet, Miss Annie Landreth; Miss Lena Bassett, Newark, N. J.; Miss Ella King, Yonkers; Mrs. Edward Swain, and Miss May Taber, New York. Among the strangers present were, Mr. and Mrs. Howard Phillips, New York; Mr. and Mrs. Bassett, Newark, N. J.; Messrs. Harry and Joseph W. Bartow, Philadelphia; John Farr, New York; Mr. and Mrs. George Haldeman, Columbia; the Misses Hutchinson, Pittsburgh; Rev. Mr. Harris and Rev. Mr. Wideman, former pastors of the Bristol Presbyterian church; Mr. and Mrs. Joseph W. Swain, West Philadelphia; Rev. Dr. and Miss Hodge, Mr. Shippen Wallace and Miss Wallace, Mrs. Churchman and Mrs. D'Olier, Burlington.

Reduced Rates to Easton, Pa., for the Centennial Celebration, via Pennsylvania Railroad.

On Monday, May 5th, Easton, Pa., will join the ranks of the Centennial Cities, and will celebrate its one hundredth anniversary. On account of the varied and interesting ceremonies incident to an occasion of this character the Pennsylvania Railroad Company will, on May 5th, sell excursion tickets to Easton from Philadelphia, Trenton, Belvidere, and intermediate stations at a single fare for the round trip, valid for return until May 6th, 1890, inclusive. No excursion tickets will be sold for a less rate than 25 cents.

Among the special features of the celebration will be a military parade, and a civic procession, composed of firemen, Odd Fellows, Red Men, and other organizations, in full regalia, also a balloon ascension by Prof. Wise, and in the evening a grand fire-work display.

OUR NEW YORK LETTER.

A REMARKABLE GATHERING OF SELF-DEPENDENT YOUNG WOMEN—WORKING GIRLS FROM ALL PARTS OF THE COUNTRY ASSEMBLE—THE SOCIAL POSITION OF THE CLEVELANDS IN NEW YORK—BASE BALL LEAGUES BEGIN WAR IN EARNEST—THE NEW DEPOT FOR IMMIGRANTS—AN OLD LANDMARK GONE.

EDITOR GAZETTE:—A convention of delegates from working girls' societies, from all parts of the country was recently held at the Metropolitan Opera House, and has attracted considerable attention. Representatives from about one hundred different organizations were in attendance, and their deliberations were marked with dignity and good sense throughout.

The papers and the discussions of the convention concerned methods of improving the condition, increasing the happiness, elevating the tone, and multiplying the opportunities of working girls, and they furnished proof of the growing capacity of women for organization and executive administration. Among other things it was stated that the number of women engaged in gainful occupations in the United States had increased from 1,800,000 in 1870, to 2,600,000 in 1880; and that they were at present estimated to number 3,600,000. This is about one-fifth of all women upwards of fifteen years of age—a surprising instance of the invasion of the field of labor by women.

Most of the delegates to the convention were young girls, and by the modesty of their demeanor, and their temperate views on women's prerogatives, they elicted much favorable comment. They were a pleasing contrast to the unsexed and aggressive female suffragists who so frequently thrust themselves forward here as champions of woman's cause, and succeeded in gaining that public sympathy and recognition which the latter only antagonize. It is generally felt that the convention has been the most beneficial to the cause of women's-rights ever held here; this is significant, when it is taken into consideration that it was entirely without the aid or influence of the professional female agitators.

THE CLEVELANDS IN NEW YORK.

The Clevelands, although in remarkably good circumstances and moving in a most refined circle, are not "in society" in New York. Members of the Four Hundred, with a few notable exceptions, have very little to do with them, and their life is very quiet and domestic, when their late official position is taken into consideration.

This was exemplified at a recent ball given by Mrs. W. C. Whitney, the wife of the late Secretary of the Navy, and a prime mover in all social affairs. Mrs. Cleveland was one of the guests, and her actions were very diffident; this was undoubtedly brought about by the knowledge that she was out of her element and was not considered by other guests as one of them. The notorious Duchess of Marlborough, lately returned to her Duke abroad, was also present, and showed a decided tendency to snub Mrs. Cleveland—or to at least impress her with the importance which she has purchased with the late M. Hammersley's wealth. But Mrs Cleveland was not at all disposed to be snubbed, even by a Duchess, and her manner immediately became distant.

Mrs. Cleveland is a prettier woman now than she was as the mistress of the White House. To be sure, that bloom of girlish freshness which was one of her chief charms has worn off, but in its place has come a fuller development of womanly grace; the bud has blossomed into the flower, and has lost none of its beauty. And she still has that charm of manner and grace of carriage which marks her as a queen among women; above all, she is possessed of a wonderful amount of sound common-sense and tact. She has been devoting herself assiduously the past winter to the violin, and it is said that she is now a remarkable performer on that instrument.

THE NATIONAL GAME.

The base ball season has opened in earnest, and if indications go for anything, the game is destined to obtain a stronger hold upon the affections of all sorts and conditions of men—and women—than it has ever before done. But a few years ago "base ball cranks" were principally recruited from the ranks of boys and youths and men of sporting proclivities. Now you will find them among men of all ages in every walk of life; staid merchants, dignified lawyers and judges, doctors, bankers, and professional men of every rank find irresistible attraction in the game, and grow wildly enthusiastic over the prospects of their favorite club.

As New York has both a National League and Brotherhood team, and Brooklyn the same, there is rather a diversity of allegiance. At the opening championship games the Brotherhood drew twelve thousand people and the League only five thousand,—so that it would seem that the public is likely to take the side of the Brotherhood in the great fight which is on between the rivals. But time alone will tell; whichever plays the best ball will win.

CASTLE GARDEN'S USEFULNESS GONE.

Preparatory to the establishment of a permanent receiving-depot for the hordes of immigrants arriving in this country to be under government control, the United States Barge Office is being temporarily utilized for that purpose and historic Castle Garden will no longer be the shelter of the millions seeking a new existence under the banner of liberty. The change, while effected without inconvenience or placing in jeopardy the facility of disembarkation, has left Castle Garden with a deserted and wholly unnatural air. For decades past it has been known by reputation throughout the civilized world, and the system of which it was so long the scene is about to be revolutionized. Another landmark has passed out of existence in the closing of the old Haymarket dancing-hall. The "Haymarket" is historical. For a score of years it flourished as the American Jardin Mabille, and it is been known to New York rounders and visitors, desirous of seeing the sights of a great city, for a generation past. In its hey day, it was a palace of gilded naughtiness, but in later years it became the scene of debaucheries of the lowest order. Some time ago, when the periodical virtue of the city-authorities closed up the concert-halls and similar dives the Haymarket was exempted. But its license to sell liquor was revoked, and that killed it. It struggled along until recently simply as a dance-hall, but trade fell off, and it had to give up the ghost. It enjoyed the notoriety of Harry Hill's ten years ago. Now they are both gone, and nothing has come in their place.

P. B.

DEMOCRATIC AND REPUBLICAN TIMES.

Charles M. Garman tells the Burlington Hawkeye about good old Democratic times in Iowa compared with now. His talk is interesting on two accounts; first for its facts based upon personal knowledge; secondly, because it shows how an American farmer, a man who follows the plow can discuss public questions. There is no other country where a farmer would have the ability to do it. Mr. Garman said:

In 1846, as my books show, we got only 10, 12½ and 15 cents for corn, and wheat in proportion. I remember selling hogs in Schenck & Denise's pork house in this city for $1.50 net. Sometimes I would have to stay in town, pay a hotel bill, take my turn while the hogs were weighed and slaughtered. Sales were made in this city to-day for $3.60 gross. I remember seeing Joab Comstock hauling wheat into town with an ox-team and selling it for 37½ cents a bushel. That was in 1846. That year we got 10 cents for corn and 8 cents for oats. Now, that would not have been so bad if we could have bought everything we wanted as cheap in proportion. But unfortunately for us that was not the case. We had to pay $3 a barrel for salt, which we can buy now for $1.10 to $1.30. A farm wagon cost $140. We can now buy a much better wagon for $60. And hardware we can buy cheaper. A dozen files, for instance; can now be bought now for the price we paid then for one. That was not an exceptional case by any means, but all along throgh those years prior to the adoption of the protective tariff, in 1861, there was not any great opportunity for farmers to make money. We had to pay $50 or $60 for a good overcoat which now can be bought for $15 or $20 and nobody ever imagined that a good suit of clothes could ever be bought for $10. With the developement of our manufactures in this country and a diversity of industries an immense amount of farm products is now raised for which there was no market. And the rates of interest are much lower now than then. I remember paying as high as 22 per cent before the war, but money can now be had for 6 or 8 per cent. We used to pay $250 to $300 for a harvester; now we can buy one with binder complete for $100. So it was at every point where the interest of the farm is touched. We can get better prices for our product and we pay less for what we buy. Occasionally there is an article like sugar that is an exception to this. We sometimes bought sugar as cheap as now but it was not as good a quality; mostly common brown sugar.

Then there is another thing to be considered. Farmers now buy a great many things that in those days were unthought of, or would have been looked upon as luxuries and extravagance. Our houses now have carpets anb furniture and a great many conveniences that we could not have afforded in the days of low tariff. We dress better, we have better houses, they are better furnished. We have better farm implements. We have a great many comforts that were not enjoyed by the pioneer farmer. These things, of course, cost money. If we would live as plain now as in those days, and do as little for schools and the requirements of social life we could probably put more money into the savings banks than we do now. But the modern farmer is intelligent and progressive and wants to keep abreast of the times. He is a reading man and takes a list of newspapers and magazines that in the days of low tariff would have appalled him by their expense. Every farm house has its little library. The prosperous farmer keeps his family carriage and in a multitude of ways he indulges in expenditures that he would not have thought of in the days of low tariff.

'Tis sad to see a woman growing old before her time
All broken-down and hopeless when life should hold its prime;
She feels herself a burden when a blessing she should be
And longs for death to bring her release from misery.

If these poor, discouraged women who suffer from diseases peculiar to women could only know that health could be regained by the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, how eagerly they would hasten to avail themselves of it. They ought to know it, and try it. Every woman who is still healthy ought to be told about the wonderful virtue in this medicine, and understand that it is a safeguard against the terrible diseases common to her sex. It is guaranteed to give satisfaction or money paid for it will be refunded.

Cleanse the liver, stomach, bowels and whole system by using Dr. Pierce's Pellets.

The Price of Pork.

When pork at 12 o'clock April 12 is worth $4 more than the same pork at 11 o'clock of the same day, it would certainly seem that the laws of supply and demand have about as much to do with the market price as has the nebular hypothesis.—Chicago Times.

The cane recently presented to President Harrison by Col. A. L. Snowden, minister to Greece, was made from the oaken yoke that held the bell on Independence hall in 1776. The gold cap on the end of the stick is inscribed with a brief history of it.

A Curious Railroad Accident.

As the west bound mail and express train was leaving Medina a little after noon April 16 a peculiar accident occurred, the cause of which seems to be a mystery. A branch track leaves the main line just east of the station and runs close to the edge of the passenger platform. How it happened no one can understand, but at the spring safety switch the rear truck of the rear car left the main track and swung upon the switch. The train was moving rapidly and the end of the car swung around with terrible force. The bow window, in which Operator Shea sat unconscious of danger, was struck and the semaphore signal was torn down, but not a hair of Shea's head was injured. Baggageman Van Dousen was struck by the car and hurled to the platform badly bruised, but out of harm's way.

There was a crowd of people on the platform and there was a wild stampede, several persons being thrown down and bruised. The American Express wagon was standing upon the side track and was struck and smashed in an instant. The horse was thrown down and bruised somewhat and Driver McBride was pitched out headlong. His escape was a narrow one, his vest being torn off by the car. His bruises are painful but not serious. The car was loaded with frantic passengers who were tossed violently to one side as the car slowly prepared to turn a somersault. None of them were badly injured, but there were many painful bruises. H. MacGraw, of New York, had his face badly cut, and ex-Justice Allen and Miss Dilama, of Medina, were slightly injured. The water column at the west end of the depot was torn down and the train was stopped just in time to save the car from rolling over.—Buffalo Express.

The Automatic Opera Glass.

The opera glass industry seems to be a great one just now, as almost every theatre has adopted one or another of the schemes through which a man can obtain an opera glass by the slot method. In 1888 an opera glass supply company set the ball a rolling by putting 400 glasses in the Academy of Music in New York city. Within a few weeks innumerable other companies put up all sorts of fixtures and glasses. Just now the original company has 30,000 glasses, costing $14 each, in American theatres, and by August, 1890, they will have 100,000 slot machines in operation in all of the leading theatres in the country. In order to protect their device they have commenced suit against a number of companies, and they have secured already eighteen patents, covering every possible manner by which a glass can be automatically rented in a theatre. The glass is as necessary as the theatre programme. The growth of the scheme has been wonderful within the past year.—Chicago Herald.

The Best Result.

Every ingredient employed in producing Hood's Sarsaparilla is strictly pure, and is the best of its kind it is possible to buy. All the roots and herbs are carefully selected, personally examined, and only the best retained. So that from the time of purchase until Hood's Sarsaparilla is prepared, everything is carefully watched with a view to attaining the best result. Why don't you try it?

Adulterating.

Mr. Alfred Speer, of Passaic, N. J., having noted the want of a strictly pure and a first-class wine, has for the past thirty years devoted his time and capital to raising the Oporto Grape from the vine brought from the Doura valley in Portugal, with the view to supplying this want; that he has been eminently successful, the endorsements which his Port Grape Wine has received from physicians all over this country and in Europe will testify.

Gen. B. F. Butler!

Still lives, so do hundreds of others who have been cured of Rheumatism and Neuralgia by the great blood purifier, Sulphur Bitters. Send for testimonials.

A Family Gathering.

Have you a father? Have you a mother? Have you a son or daughter, sister or a brother who has not yet taken Kemp's Balsam for the Throat and Lungs, the guaranteed remedy for the cure of Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Croup and all Throat and Lung troubles? If so, why, when a sample bottle is gladly given to you free by any druggist, and the large size costs only 50c and $1.00.

A Few Pointers.

The recent statistics of the number of deaths show that the large majority die with Consumption. This disease may commence with an apparantly harmless cough which can be cured instantly by Kemp's Balsam for the Throat and Lungs, which is guaranteed to cure and relieve all cases. Price 50c and $1.00. Trial size free. For sale by all druggists.

Delicate Ladies!

Who have that tired and all-gone feeling, and don't like to be disturbed, will continue to be troubled with this complaint until they renew their impure blood. Sulphur Bitters will cause new and rich blood to course through every artery and vein in the human system. See another column.

Ask Your Friends About It.

Your distressing cough can be cured. We know it because Kemp's Balsam within the past few years has cured so many coughs and colds in this community. Its remarkable sale has been won entirely by its genuine merit. Ask some friend who has used it what he thinks of Kemp's Balsam. There is no medicine so pure; none so effective. Large bottles 50c and $1.00 at any druggists'. Sample bottle free.

"A salary with expenses paid will come handy to anyone who is now out of employment, especially where no previous experience is required to get the position. If you want a position, see advertisement headed, "A Chance to Make Money."

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The Steamer Columbia leaves Bristol for Philadelphia at 7:00 A. M. and 4:00 P. M. Returning leaves Philadelphia at 2.00 and 6.00 P. M.

Sundays leaves Bristol at 8.15 A. M. and 4 P. M. Leave Philadelphia at 2 and 6 P. M.

Fare 25c. Excursion 40c.

Freight carried at low rates.

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ENERGETIC LADIES AND GENTLEMEN to sell Mark Twain's new and remarkable book, "A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court." Sold by subscription only. 300 striking illustrations by Dan Beard. One agent sold 35 in five days, another sold 31 in three days, another took 25 in making 30 calls. 20,000 already sold. Choice territory still unoccupied. Address, C. L. WEBSTER & CO., 3 East 14th St. New York.

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Pleasant moral stories for the Young People,
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Stories of interest for us Elders,
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Long, padded News Articles;
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Fierce, one-sided Editorials,
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Miscellaneous

NOTICE.

THE COAL AND WOOD BUSINESS OF the late Charles W. Peirce will be continued as heretofore at the same location, under the management of Joseph S. Peirce as agent for the estate.

HAROLD PEIRCE, Executor
JOS. S. PEIRCE, Agt. of Chas. W. Peirce, dec.

FRANK A. LEVIS,

No. 23 Pond Street, below Penn St.,

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Try our La Don Cella Oe Morera Cigar. The best 5 cent Cigar in the market.

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REFINED AND INTELLIGENT LADIES to take orders for "The Table," the new Delmonico cook-book. Sells readily among all classes. 1,095 district menus, 132 soups, 76 ways to cook eggs; 300 deserts. One agent sold 10 her first day, another 44 her first week, another 35 in five days. A great many choice towns still open. Address, C. L. WEBSTER & Co. 3 EAST 14th St., NEW YORK.

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Steam. Florence

Leaves Bristol at 8.15 A. M., daily, (Sunday excepted), for Philadelphia. Returning, leaves Philadelphia, (Arch Street wharf), at 2.30 P. M. Single fare 25c., excursion tickets, 40c. Freight at low rates, and carefully handled.

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A 48-page descriptive Illustrated Catalogue free

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Legal Advertisements

Notice of Application for Incorporation.

In the Court of Common Pleas of Bucks County:

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT APplication will be made to the Honorable Harman Yerkes, President Judge of the said Court, on SATURDAY, MAY 24th, A. D., 1890, at 11 o'clock, A. M., under an Act of the General Assembly of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, entitled "An Act to provide for the incorporation and regulation of certain corporations," approved April 29, 1874, and the supplements thereto, by W. Taylor Potts, William Louderbough, Edward Minster, William M. Downing, Jr., and Andrew J. Hibbs for the charter of an intended corporation to be called "THE BRISTOL ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION," the character and object of which is the maintainance of facilities for playing the game of Base Ball and for the promotion of Athletic Sports, and for these purposes to have, possess and enjoy all the rights, benefits and privileges conferred by the Act and its supplements.

B. F. GILKESON,
A. WEIR GILKESON, } Solicitors
WILLIAM S. WRIGHT,

ESTATE NOTICE.

Estate of CHARLES S BAILEY, late of Bristol borough, Bucks County, deceased.

LETTERS testamentary on above Estate having been granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted to said Estate are requested to make payment, and those having claims to present the same, without delay, to

A. WEIR GILKESON,
CHAS. S. BAILEY, JR.,
Executors.

ESTATE NOTICE.

Estate of GEORGE DANIELS, deceased, late of Bensalem Twp, Bucks County.

ALL persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having legal claims against the same are desired to present them in proper order for settlement without delay to

MARY DANIELS, Administratrix,
A. WEIR GILKESON, Attorney. Bensalem.
Bristol, Pa.

ESTATE NOTICE

Estate of HARVEY MARGERUM, late of Morrisville Borough, Bucks County, Pa., deceased.

ALL persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having legal claims against the same are desired to present them in proper order for settlement without delay to

EDMUND WRIGHT, Executor.
Or B. F. & A. W. Gilkeson &
W. S. Wright, Attys.

ESTATE NOTICE.

Estate of ROBERT WRIGHT, late of Falls Township, deceased.

ALL persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate settlement, and all persons having legal claims against the said estate are requested to present the same in proper form, without delay, for settlement, to

ARTHUR C. IVINS,
THOMAS C. IVINS,
or B. F. & A. W. GILKESON Executors.
& W. S. WRIGHT, Attys.

ESTATE NOTICE.

Estate of JOHN W. BROWN, late of Bristol Borough, deceased.

ALL persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having legal claims against the same are desired to present them in proper order for settlement without delay to

J. MILNOR BROWN, Administrator.
or, B. F. & A. W. GILKESON & WM. S. WRIGHT his Attorneys.

ESTATE NOTICE.

Estate of CHAS. W. PEIRCE, late of Bristol Borough, deceased.

ALL PERSONS indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having legal claims against the same are desired to present them in proper order for settlement without delay, to

HAROLD PEIRCE, Executor.
A. WEIR GILKESON, Att'y.

ESTATE NOTICE.

Estate of MARMADUKE R. DOAN, deceased, late of Bristol Borough, Bucks county.

ALL PERSONS indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having legal claims against the same are desired to present them in proper order for settlement without delay, to

HARVEY S. RUE, Administrator.
or, B. F. & A. W. GILKESON & WM. S. WRIGHT his Attorneys.

ESTATE NOTICE.

Estate of CATHARINE DOUGHERTY, late of Bristol Borough, Bucks County, deceased.

ALL persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having legal claims against the same are desired to present them in proper order for settlement without delay, to

BERNARD J. MURRAY,
Administrator c. t. a. durante minoritate.
or A. WEIR GILKESON, Atty.

ESTATE NOTICE.

Estate of DENNIS CALLAHAN, late of Bristol Borough, deceased.

ALL persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having legal claims against the same are desired to present them in proper order for settlement without delay, to

MARGARET CALLAHAN,
Administratrix,
or A. WEIR GILKESON, her Attorney.

Dissolution of Partnership.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT THE Partnership lately existing between Philip Winter and Jacob McBrien is this day dissolved by mutual consent. All outstanding accounts are to be collected by Jacob McBrien, and all bills paid by him. The business will hereafter be conducted by Jacob McBrien.

PHILIP WINTERS,
JACOB McBRIEN.

Notice of Application for Charter.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that an application will be made to the Governor of Pennsylvania on Saturday, the Seventeenth day May, A. D., 1890, by Charles E. Scheide, A. Weir Gilkeson, William V. Leech, Harold Peirce and Joseph R. Grundy, under the Act of Assembly entitled "An Act to provide for the incorporation and regulation of certain corporations," approved April 29, 1874, and the supplements thereto, for the Charter of an intended Corporation to be called "The Jefferson Land Association," the character and object of which is the purchasing, holding and enjoying real estate in fee simple, or upon ground rent, or lease; of improving, leasing, mortgaging and selling the same in such parts or parcels, improved or unimproved, on such terms as to manner and time of payment as may be agreed upon, and of conveying the same to the purchaser or purchasers thereof in fee simple, or for any less estate, and for the purposes to have, possess and enjoy all the rights, benefits and privileges of the said Act of Assembly and the supplements thereto.

A. WEIR GILKESON, Solicitor.

Philadelphia Business Houses.



A Word to the Wise

The word we would utter to the wise concerning Clothing, is "QUALITY." On Quality hinges Cheapness, for a thing is not cheap unles it is good. Therefore remember when in need of Clothing, Man or Boy, that with us a low price never means a poor quality.

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Fine Tailoring At Reasonable Prices.

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610 Arch Street, (OPPOSITE ARCH ST. THEATRE.) Philadelphia.

BEST CARPETS AT OFF PRICES

We have bought from the Best Manufacturers a large lot of Tapestry Brussels at prices much below the cost to make them, and will give you the benefit of a good carpet at an exceedingly low price as long as they last. The patterns are all new and very pretty, and the quality is the best that can be had. Do not fail to see them. The prices are 46c., 50c., 60c., 70c. Our extra heavy quality ingrains at 40c. and 50c., are very handsome.

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Geneva Magnetic Water.

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It is with much pleasure that I inform my old customers and those interested in Carriages that I have added another large factory in connection with my business, and now have one of the Largest Warerooms in the State, where I have at all times the following list of Carriages and Wagons: Buggies, Ladies and Doctors' Phætons, Extension Top Phætons, Six-Passenger Extensions, Jump Seats and Light Jenny Linds, Russian Surries, (and other styles), Spindle Wagons and Buckboards in Natural Wood finish, all styles of Canopy Tops, Germantowns, with and without doors: Butcher, Delivery, Huckster and Juggar Wagons and Carts, with all the novelties in Springs and Gentlemen's Pleasure and Driving Wagons. I have made great improvements in all my work for 1890.

What others offer you is not my business, except, by the law of competition, I am required to give you as ample return for your money as any one else if I expect your trade; that I know I am prepared to do, but I must satisfy you also.

Think this over and look into it before you purchase your work for 1890; if you question this, give me a chance to prove it, by coming to see my work or sending sample order. On all my work for 1890 I put a Tire-bolt through the felloe between each spoke.

I use all the Standard Springs, viz.: Brewster, Timken, King, Dexter, Thomas Coil and all the Duplex Novelties, also Steel Axles and Tires.

I have constantly on hand a large assortment of Harness of all kinds, also an immense stock of Sleighs for the general trade.

Send for Catalogue of General Variety of our Work.

Ready MIXED Paints

IN EVERY COLOR,

—AND—

Packages from 1 lb. Upwards

A VERY GOOD MIXED PAINT

—OF WHICH—

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ROSES of all Kinds

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Visitors Welcome!

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GREENHOUSE!

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THAT WICKED GIRL.

"That wicked gal," Mrs. Perkins called her, and really, according to Mrs. Perkins, Mary was desperately wicked and deceitful above all things.

Mary didn't look wicked. If ever there was a wolf in sheep's clothing, always granting that Mrs. Perkins was right and that she was a wolf, it was Mary.

Mrs. Perkins was the proprietress of that commodious and genteel looking double fronted house which stands in the best position of the Marine parade, Hastings; commands an excellent view of the sea, and can be thoroughly recommended for its comfort and cleanliness and moderate charges. Mary is the housemaid, parlormaid, nursemaid, footman, light porter and boots, all rolled into one. The only portion of the household duties of which Mary has not a considerable share is the cooking.

Mrs. Perkins had also among her regular clients many clerical families, and there is always something intensely respectable about the female relatives of the clergy. When clergymen's wives or widows take one floor in your house it really doesn't matter who has the other apartments. A bishop's wife in the drawing room would neutralize even a young foreign lady with golden hair, who smoked cigarettes in the dining room.

There was a Mr. Perkins at Prospect mansion, but he didn't matter much. Nobody ever paid the slightest attention to him, except when he was in the way down stairs, which he generally was. Mr. Perkins was a melancholy, thin man of about 45. He was supposed to be in delicate health, which prevented him following any business.

His one occupation in life was obliterating himself in his own house, and keeping the child quiet. The child was a little girl of 6, who was always with Mrs. Perkins when she was good, and always with Mr. Perkins when she was naughty or when Mrs. Perkins had one of her bad headaches—a state of affairs by no means uncommon.

Very humble, very subdued, Mr. Perkins endeavored as far as possible to be invisible. He was afraid of everybody in the house.

Except Mary.

Even Mr. Perkins, who allowed himself to be crushed by the cook and would step aside to allow the boy who came in for an hour of a morning to do the boots to pass, plucked up spirit enough to agree that Mary was "a wicked gal."

In addition to Mary and Mrs. Perkins and Mr. Perkins and the little girl, the family contained an Irish cook of fiery temper and voluble utterance. "An excellent cook," said Mrs. Perkins; "an indefatigable worker—but really, at times, too violent in her language to the tradespeople."

It was in this delightful household that Mary Jones endeavored conscientiously to do her duty. She was a mild, amiable girl, who, after living a life of lodging house slavery-dom, had come to the conclusion that what everybody said was right, and that she must be awfully stupid and awfully wicked.

On Sept. 17, 1882, a day never to be forgotten in the life annals of Mary Jones, "the wicked gal" had been exceptionally wicked—all day long the lower regions had echoed with cries of "Mary, you wicked gal, you've been and upset the gravy on the stair carpet." "Mary, you wicked gal, do you know that you've left your dust pan on the drawing room sofa?" "Mary, shure, it's a saint from heaven that ye'd be aggravatin', and it's the mistress that ye're murtherin' with yere wicked way, and she as she is, too."

This is a delicate allusion on the part of the Irish cook before missus to missus' health and the approaching advent of another little Perkins.

Poor Mary had gone hot and cold, and trembled as her various delinquencies were pointed out to her. She had wept and sniffed, and declared more than once that she would go and "drownd" herself in the conveniently situated sea; but for all that she had gone on with her work until she was dead beat, and, as she expressed it, "felt regularly sinking and all over alike."

Cook slept in the basement, and Mary occupied a little attic all by herself, so there was no one to call her a wicked girl for this disorderly proceeding.

How long Mary had been asleep she didn't know, but she awoke with a sudden start, and, sitting up on the bed, began to rub her eyes and wonder where she was. Somebody was knocking at the door.

"Yes," exclaimed Mary, jumping up, "what is it?" "Open the door," exclaimed the cook's voice; "sure it's missus as is took bad, and ye're to go for the doctor at once. Master won't lave the misthress; she won't let him."

Mary was immediately dressed, and was down stairs, and had her bonnet and shawl on in a minute. She thought master might have gone at such an hour of the night, but she thought it would be wicked to say so, so off she sped to the doctor's.

The doctor's house was in darkness. She felt very nervous about ringing him up, but she supposed doctors didn't mind; so she gave a gentle pull at the bell, which, to her horror, clanged through the house. A window opened above and a head appeared, and the voice belonging to the head asked what was the matter.

"Please, sir, will you come to missus; she's took bad."

"And who is your missus?"

"Mrs. Perkins, sir."

"All right; I'll be there directly."

Bang went the window down, and Mary, delighted to think she hadn't made any mistake, or been abused for knocking a gentleman up in the middle of the night, came down off the doorsteps and made the best of her way towards home.

When she got there she put her hand in her pocket for the key which she had brought with her, and to her horror failed to find it.

She turned everything out of her pocket again and again. She grew hot and cold.

The key was gone!

She must have dropped it somewhere in the road. What should she do? Knock at the door and explain that she had lost the key! No; she daren't do that. It would upset the missus if she heard of it. Missus was awfully nervous of burglars, and at such a time as the present she mustn't be upset.

So poor Mary, feeling more wicked than she had ever felt in her life, went back the way she had come, peering along the pavement, looking into the road, searching everywhere for the lost latchkey.

On the way she met the doctor. He was walking rapidly. Mary slipped aside, so that he should not notice her. He would get to the house first. They would wonder where she was. They would be sure to want her for something.

She walked on rapidly, stopping to look at everything that gleamed or glistened in the moonlight. She picked up a hairpin, an old nail, and a pair of rusty scissors, but the latchkey was nowhere to be seen.

She reached the doctor's house and then her heart gave a sudden bound for joy.

There, lying on the side of the step, was the latchkey.

She remembered pulling her handkerchief out while she was waiting for the bell to be answered. She must have dropped the key then.

She seized it eagerly, she felt inclined to kiss it and cry over it, but she mastered her emotion, and, clutching it firmly in her hand, was preparing to take to her heels and run as hard as she could, when the doctor's front door opened and a ghost came out.

Yes, a ghost!

Mary was too horrified to faint—too paralyzed to shriek.

A long, tall figure, dressed in white, came gliding out of the door and passed quite close to her.

Mary shrank back against the wall and held her breath. But as the figure passed her she saw that the ghost had a human face—a beautiful face—the face of a young woman.

It glided across the road, and went slowly towards the parade.

Then Mary suddenly recognized the fact that it was not a ghost.

It was a young woman dressed in white.

But what on earth could a young lady be going on to the parade for at 2 o'clock in the morning?

The figure reached the parade, then stepped on to the beach, and went slowly down to the sea.

What was the strange young lady going to do? Mary's heart stood still.

The young woman had reached the edge of the waves—they were rolling up and wetting her feet.

Great heavens, the young woman was walking on—walking into the sea. She would be drowned.

Mary could never think how the sudden courage came, or what put it into her head to do what she did, instead of shrieking.

But a sudden strength seemed to take possession of her limbs—a nervous energy surged up in her brain.

With a little cry she ran forward and darted across the beach after the young woman.

The young woman was in the sea, the waters were closing over her.

None of us know how we should act in such a desperate moment. Mary never thought of the danger to herself, of the lonely shore and the wide ocean, and only the stars looked down upon that death struggle.

She only saw that a woman was drowning, and she rushed in after her, rushed in madly, and, just as a wave of the incoming tide carried the floating form nearer her, she seized the suicide by the dress and shouted for help, and dragged with all her might, struggling fiercely to keep her own feet to the ground and her own head above the waves.

It all seemed the work of a moment, and then she was on the shore—one desperate tug, and she and the suicide lay together side by side on the beach.

She heard the sound of voices—she saw two men leaning over her, she heard a shout, and she knew no more until she opened her eyes and found herself in a strange room.

"Where am I?" she said.

A kind voice answered her:

"You are all right."

She looked up and recognized the doctor she had been to fetch on the previous night.

"Oh, dear!" she said, "however did I come here? Let me go home. They'll be wondering what has become of me."

Then she remembered something of what had happened. "The young lady," she said, "was she drowned?"

"No," said the doctor, "you saved her, but you mustn't talk any more yet awhile. You shall know all about it presently."

"How's missus?"

"As well as can be expected, and so's the baby."

"That's all right," said Mary, with a deep sigh, and then the "wicked girl" closed her eyes and dropped off to sleep again.

When Mary had quite recovered from the excitement and terror of the night's adventure and was able to get up, the doctor told her all about it.

The young lady she had seen coming out of his house was a young lady patient who had been staying with him and his wife for the benefit of her health. She had had a love disappointment and had given way to melancholia.

The night that the doctor was called out the young lady was awakened by the ringing of the bell. The nurse, who had been suffering from neuralgia, had taken an opiate to make her sleep, and the young lady must have opened the door and crept down stairs noiselessly in her night dress, and walked on into the street.

Then she saw the sea, and the idea of suicide came into her poor, wandering mind.

But for Mary's lost latch key having brought her back to the spot, the young lady's body would probably have been found the next day on the beach, or perhaps picked up at sea.

When Mary got back to Prospect mansion, missus, of course, was up stairs in bed, but cook received her and tossed her head, and said it was a nice thing for "respectable servant gals to go a-roaming the street at night and jumping into the sea, and she never heard of such things."

She wanted to call Mary a "wicked gal," but she didn't quite see how to do it.

Mr. Perkins seemed very much upset, and looked more scared and dazed than usual. The affair had made a great deal of commotion in Hastings, and people called at the house to make inquiries about it. It had got into the papers, too, and this Mr. Perkins, on his wife's behalf, resented.

Mary went about her work as though nothing had happened, simply grateful that she hadn't been discharged for her carelessness in losing the latch key and her wickedness in rescuing young women from the ocean instead of hurrying home to wait on her missus.

But instead of being punished for her wickedness she was rewarded. A few days after she had resumed her domestic duties, and just as she was settling down into her old wicked habits of leaving the bucket on the stairs and the dustpan on the drawing room sofa, and answering the front door with a dirty apron on, and slopping the gravy from the joint on the stair carpet, the doctor arrived with an old gentleman and requested to see Mary Jones.

Mary came up into the hall, cook listened at the top of the kitchen stairs, the missus had the bedroom door set wide open to catch what she could, and master hung so far over the banisters on the drawing room floor that he was in imminent danger once or twice of falling bodily into the hall below.

And this is what they heard: The old gentleman was the father of the young lady. To show his gratitude for Mary Jones' bravery, in plunging into the sea to save the life of his unfortunate daughter, he had come to make her an advantageous offer.

He would pay into a bank for her a sum of money sufficient to enable her to start in any little business she chose; or, if she was engaged to be married, he would start her and her husband in a nice little lodging house, or any business they might wish to buy.

"Was Mary engaged?"

Mary blushed.

She wasn't exactly engaged, but she walked out when she had a Sunday off—which wasn't often in the season—with the baker's young man, and some day they had thought of getting married.

"The baker's young man—well, I never!" exclaimed cook on the top of the kitchen stairs.

"That accounts for her being so long taking the bread in," growled Mrs. Perkins, as she gripped the curtains of her bed and sat upright to hear more.

"Very well, my girl," replied the old gentleman. "I leave the rest in my friend's, the doctor's, hands. You understand that anything in reason I can do for you I will."

A month afterwards "that wicked girl" married the baker's young man, and the young lady's father took and furnished for them a charming little house in Hastings, where they have made an excellent beginning.—George R. Sims in Detroit News.

For the Military.

Militiamen should have regular habits and show uniform courtesy.

If the lieutenant is particular now he may be general after a while.

It isn't the number of men a soldier kills so much as the number of men he does not let kill him that makes him a warrior.

Women love the profession of arms and the practice as well.

A soldier never turns his back to the foe, because he is taught to be polite to strangers. —Washington Star.

Gen. Crook's Romantic Courtship.

The story of the courtship of Gen. Crook is romantic. Early in the war Crook, then a captain, was stopping at the Queen City hotel, Cumberland, Md. He was there assisting Gen. Kelly in organizing regiments and defending the state of West Virginia from invasion. Gen. Kelly was at the same hotel. The proprietor of the house was John Daily, who was also proprietor of Glade's hotel at Oakland, Md., a famous resort. Mr. Daily had two daughters, the eldest of whom, Miss Mary, was a charming and pretty girl. She had southern sympathies, for her mother was a member of a notable old Virginia family who lived at Moorfield.

During Crook's stay at the hotel he was much attracted by the young lady, but she was a spirited girl and refused to be gracious to the Yankee, although at heart she liked him.

The eldest of Boniface Daily's children was a son James, who was devoted to the cause of the Confederacy. He took offense at the persistent and open attentions of Crook to his sister, and finally organized a band of about fifty young and daring spirits like himself and saw that they were well mounted and armed. When everything was ready about a dozen of Daily's band crept into the hotel after midnight, seized Gen. Kelly and Capt. Crook, gagged them, and in a few moments they were all on their way to Richmond. The Federal lines were passed without detection, and the prisoners were safely landed in the Confederate capital. Afterward they were exchanged.

Crook went into active service and was badly wounded. He was sent to Oakland with other wounded officers, and singularly enough was quartered at Glade's hotel. Miss Mary then showed her true feelings, and nursed her brother's late captive through what at one time was thought to be a fatal illness. When he recovered he proposed, but was refused, her political sentiment still being in the ascendant. Twice after that the conqueror of Cochez and Geronimo attacked the fair fortress, and at last it surrendered. The general has been happy in his married life.—Cor. Chicago Tribune.

MONTANA, OREGON AND WASHINGTON.

A correct map of the north west will show that the Northern Pacific Railroad traverses the central portion of Minnesota, North Dakota, Montana and Washington for a distance of nearly 2,000 miles; it is the only Railroad reaching Jamestown, Bismark, Miles City, Billings, Livingston, Bozeman, Missoula, Cheney, Davenport, Palouse City, Sprague, Ritzville, Yakima, Ellensburg, Tacoma, Seattle and in fact nine-tenths of the north west cities, towns, and points of interest.

The Northern Pacific is the shortest trans-continental route from St. Paul and Chicago, to Helena, Butte, Anaconda, Deer Lodge, Spokane Falls, Walla Walla, Dayton and Portland, and the only one whose through trains reach any portion of the new state of Washington. Land seekers puchasing Pacific Coast second class tickets via St. Paul and the Northern Pacific have choice from that point of free Colonist Sleeping Cars or Pullman's Tourist Furnished Sleepers at charges as low as the lowest.

For the benefit of settlers the Northern Pacific also gives a ten days stop over privilege on second class North Pacific Coast tickets at Spokane Falls and each and every point west, including over 125 stations in Washington, thus enabling persons seeking a home to examine this vast territory without incurring an expense of from $5.00 to $25.00 in traveling on local tickets from point to point.

Insure for yourself comfort and safety by having the best acommodations afforded, thereby avoiding change of cars, re-checking of baggage, transfers and lay overs en route. Money can be saved by purchasing tickets via St. Paul, Minneapolis and the Northern Pacific.

For Maps, Pamphlets, rates and Tickets enquire of your nearest Ticket Agent, any District passenger Agent of the Northern Pacific Railroad; or Chas S. Fee, General Passenger and Ticket agent, St. Paul, Minn.

To Nervous Debilitated Men.

If you will send us your address, we will mail you our illustrated pamphlet explaining all about Dr. Dye's Celebrated Electro-Voltaid Belt and Appliances, and their charming effects upon the nervous debilitated system, and how they will quickly restore you to vigor and manhood. Pamphlet free. If you are thus afflicted, we will send you a Belt and Appliances on a trail.

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Miscellaneous

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3	Crying Colic, or Teething of Infants	.25
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6	Cholera Morbus, Vomiting	.25
7	Coughs, Cold, Bronchitis	.25
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9	Headaches, Sick Headache, Vertigo	.25
10	Dyspepsia, Billous Stomach	.25
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It will drive the Humor from your system, and make your skin clean and smooth. Those Pimples and Blotches which mar your beauty are caused by impure blood, and can be removed in a short time, if you are wise and use the great blood purifier, SULPHUR BITTERS. Why suffer with Boils? Why rave with that terrible Headache? Why lay and toss on that bed of pain with Rheumatism? What makes you tremble so?—Your nerves are all unstrung, and need a gentle soothing tonic to assist nature to repair the damage which your excesses have caused. Sulphur Bitters is not a cheap Rum or poor Whiskey drink, to be taken by the glass, like other preparations which stimulate only TO DESTROY. If you have failed to receive any benefit from other medicines or doctors, do not despair. Use SULPHUR BITTERS. They will cure you where all others fail. No person can remain long sick who uses SULPHUR Bitters.

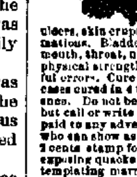
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Get it of your Druggist.

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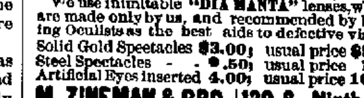
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Miscellaneous

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Formerly of Minneapolis, Minn.

Peirce & Rusher,

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936 Pacific Avenue,

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Having made the above business connection we are prepared to negotiate mortgage loans on real estate in the City of Tacoma, or adjacent farm property in the State of Washington.

Such loans will be made with the utmost care in the selection of securities and regard for the character of the borrower; will run three to five years and bear interest at the rate of 8 per cent. per annum net to the lender, payable semi-annually. We will accompany each loan with our written agreement to take charge of the collection of interest, when due, and of the principal debt at maturity, without charge for our services.

The State of Washington and the City of Tacoma are being rapidly settled, having doubled their population within the last year, with an enterprising and energetic people engaged in business of all kinds, thus ensuring a prosperous and permanent growth of the city that will make it the metropolis of the great northwest. No better nor safer investment can be had than the securities that we are able to offer, doubly so by the continued increase in value of the property mortgaged. Abstract showing perfect title will be furnished with all loans.

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THE WEEKLY PRESS,

PHILADELPHIA.

$1.00-One Year One Dollar-$1.00

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For 1890 will be as much better than The Weekly Press for 1889 as we can make it. With every issue during the new year it will be

AN EIGHTY-COLUMN PAPER.

Each of the fifty-two numbers will contain ten pages, or eighty columns, with a total for the year of 520 pages, or 4160 columns. Thus it will be "as big as a book," as the saying is.

A PAPER OF QUALITY.

Not only will it be as big as a book, but it will be a paper of quality as well as of quantity. It will contain the pick of everything good.

A PAPER OF VARIETY.

The idea is that The Weekly Press shall be both clean and wide awake. It will discuss all subjects of public interest and importance. The writers on its list include: Julia Ward Howe, E. Lynn Linton, Prof. N. S. Shaler, Lewis Pasteur, William Black, Edmund Gosse, Edgar W. Nye, Opie P. Read, and, indeed, almost every popular writer of note in this country and quite a number of distinguished writers abroad. In fiction, an attraction of the year will be "Esther," by H. Rider Haggard; another serial story, already engaged, will be "Come Forth," by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps.

A FARMERS PAPER.

The best conducted agricultural page in America. Illustrations.

A WOMAN'S PAPER.

The "Women's page" of The Weekly Press is alone worth the subscription price. Its illustrations are attracting attention everywhere.

A CHILDREN'S PAPER.

The special department for children is now addressed to the school children and school teachers of America. Let the children join the new Rainbow Club just started. Let them compete for the prizes—all in bright, wholesome, instructive books.

IMPORTANT CLUBBING ARRANGEMENT

By special arrangement with all the leading weekly and monthly periodicals of America, subscriptions are taken for any one or more of these journals in connection with The Weekly Press at such low rates as virtually makes our great family paper FREE to the subscriber for one year.

Sample copies furnished free upon application.

TERMS OF THE PRESS.

By mail, postage free in the United States and Canada.

Daily (except Sunday), one year, -	$6.00
Daily (except Sunday), one month, -	.50
Daily (including Sunday, one year, -	7.50
Daily (including Sunday), one month, -	.65
Sunday, one year, - - - -	2.00
WEEKLY PRESS, one year, - -	1.00

Drafts, Checks, and other Remittances should be made payable to the order of

The Press Company Limited,
PUBLISHERS.

Miscellaneous

New York Tribune for 1890.

New Features. A Brilliant Year Ahead.

During 1890, the New York Tribune will be greatly improved in quality and made more lively fresh and readable than ever before in its history. Among the special contributors during '90 will be:

Andrew Carnegie, "Principles of Business Success."
Gail Hamilton, "European Monarchs."
Terence V. Powderly, "Restriction of Immigration."
Chauncey M. Depew, Senator John J. Ingalls, Mrs. John A. Logan, Rev. Dr. John R. Paxton and others, topics not announced.
Albert Griffin, "Temperance Among Germans;" a new view.
Judge A. W. Tourgee, "The Colored Race in America."
S. C. T. Dodd, "The Advantages of Trusts."
"Josiah Allen's Wife," "The Small Salaries of Country Clergymen."
Senator Wm. M. Stewart, of Nevada, "Unlimited Silver Coinage."
Fred S. Tallmadge, on "Men of the Revolution."
Kate Field, "Mormon Question."
Erastus Wiman, "Success and Failure Among Business Men."
Rev. Edward Everett Hale, "The New England of To-Day."
Bishop Henry C. Potter, "Rural Reinforcement of City Population."
Geo. W. Cable, on "Some Strange Legislation in the South."
Marshall P. Wilder, "Humor of England and America."
* * * * * "Evils of Trusts."
Henry W. Grady, of the Atlanta Constitution, "Chances for Capital in the New South."
I. C. Russell, United States Geological Survey, "Highest Peaks of the United States."
W. M. Grosvenor, "Gold and Silver as Money."
L. E. Quigg, "What is Left of Our Public Lands."
Emily Huntington, "Household Science."
Ernest Whitney, "Peculiarities of American Pronunciation."
Prof. William Pepper, President of University of Pennsylvania, "A college education good for all; what is best for those who cannot get it."
M. Y. Beach, "Slayer of 430 Bears."
☞ Other contributors will be announced hereafter. The articles will cost many thousands of dollars and appear in the Tribune only.

Soldiers' Stories.

The Tribune will also print, in addition to its regular G. A. R. and S. of V. page, a number of entertaining Stories of Actual Experience in the War, not less than 25 in number, each a page of The Tribune in length, by privates and officers of the Union, of a rank not higher than that of captain. Veterans are invited to contribute to this series of stories. Every tale accepted will be paid for at regular newspaper rates. Prizes of $250, $150 and $75 will be paid for the best three. Manuscripts must be enclosed to "The Tribune, New York," and inscribed "Soldiers' Department."

Papers on Farming.

In addition to our regular and extremely able agricultural department (two pages a week), The Tribune will print a number of long and carefully prepared articles on Particular Branches of Farming, written by practical experts. Farmers who want to make money out of their farms must read these special discussions in The Tribune. The BEST TRIBUNE EVER SEEN will be supplied to readers during the coming year.

A large number of desirable and novel premiums are added to our list, and they are offered at terms which will enable our readers to obtain them practically at wholesale rates. Send 2 cent stamp for our 20 page catalogue.

Valuable Prizes.

One Hundred Special Prizes will be distributed on May 1, 890, among the club agents who have, up to that date, sent in the largest 100 clubs of local Weekly and Semi-Weekly subscribers. These prizes will include a $7/0 Piano, a $200 Cabinet Organ, a $150 Solitaire Diamond, a free Trip to New York, with expenses there paid, etc., etc., being worth a total of $2,440.

Prizes are fully described in our new 20 page catalogue; send 2 cent stamp for a copy. Sample copies of the Tribune free.

Subscription Rates; Weekly, $1 a year. Semi-Weekly, $2. New subscribers receive the paper until January 1, 1890, free. Daily, $10 a year. Library of Tribune Extras, 22 numbers a year, $2. THE TRIBUNE, New York.

The NEW YORK Sun.

FOR

1890.

Some people agree with The Sun's opinions about men and things, and some people don't; but everybody likes to get hold of the newspaper which is never dull and never afraid to speak its mind.

Democrats know that for twenty years The Sun has fought in the front line for Democratic principles, never wavering or weakening in its loyalty to the true interests of the party it serves with fearless intelligence and disinterested vigor. At times opinion have differed as to the best means of accomplishing the common purpose: it is not the Sun's fault if it has seen further into the millstone.

Eighteen hundred and ninety is the year that will probably determine the result of the Presidential election of 1892, and perhaps the fortunes of the Democracy for the rest of the century. Victory in 1892 is a duty, and the beginning of 1890 is the best time to start out in company with The Sun.

Daily, per month, - - - - - -	$0 50
Daily, per year, - - - - - -	6 00
Sunday, per year, - - - - - -	2 00
Daily and Sunday, per year, - - -	8 00
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Weekly Sun, one year, - - - -	1 00

Address THE SUN, New York.

Eclectic Magazine

—OF—

Foreign Literature, Science and Art.

1890.—46th YEAR.

☞ The Foreign Magazines embody the best thoughts of the ablest writers of Europe. It is the aim of the Electic Magazine to select and reprint these articles. The plan of the Eclectic includes Science, Essays, Reviews, Biographical Sketches, Historical Papers, Art Criticism, Travels, Poetery, and Short Stories, from

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Harper & Brothers.

1890.

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ILLUSTRATED.

A new Shakespeare—the Shakespeare of Edwin W. Abbey—will be presented in Harper's Magazine for 1889, with comments by Andrew Lang. Harper's Magazine has also made special arrangements with Alphonse Daudet, the greatest of living French Novelists, for the exclusive publication, in serial form, of a humorous story, to be entitled "The Colonists of Tarascon; the Last Adventures of the Famous Tartarin." The story will be translated by Henry James, and illustrated by Rossi and Myrbach. W. D. Howells will contribute a novelette in three parts, and Lafcadio Hearn a novelette in two parts, entitled "Youma," handsomely illustrated.

In illustrated papers, touching subjects of current interest, and in its short stories, poems, and timely articles, the Magazine will maintain its well-known standard.

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HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE	2 00

Postage Free to all subscribers in the United States Canada, or Mexico.

The Volumes of the Magazine begin with the Numbers for June and December of each year. When no time is specified, subscriptions will begin with the Number current at time of receipt of order.

Bound Volumes of Harper's Magazine for three years back, in neat cloth binding, will be sent by mail, post-paid, on receipt of $3 00 per volume. Cloth Cases, for binding, 50 cents each —by mail, post-paid.

Index to Harper's Magazine, Alphabetical Analytical, and Classified, for Volumes 1 to 70, inclusive, from June, 1885, to June 1850, one vol., 8 vo, Cloth, $4.

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1890.

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ILLUSTRATED.

Harper's Weekly has a well-established place as the leading illustrated newspaper in America. The fairness of its editorial comments on current politics has earned for it the respect and confidence of all impartial readers, and the variety and excellence of its literary contents, which include serial and short stories by the best and most popular writers, fit it for the perusal of people of the widest range of tastes and pursuits. The Weekly supplements are of remarkable variety, interest and value. No expense is spared to bring the highest order of artistic ability to bear upon the illustration of the changeful phases of home and foreign history. A Mexican romance, from the pen of Thomas A. Janvier, will appear in the Weekly in 1890.

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Per Year:

HARPER'S WEEKLY	$4 00
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1890.

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ILLUSTRATED.

Harper's Bazar is a journal for the home. Giving the latest information with regard to the Fashions, its numerous illustrations, fashion-plates, and pattern-sheet supplements are indispensable alike to the home dress-maker and the professional modiste. No expense is spared in making its artistic attractiveness of the highest order. Its clever short stories, parlor plays, and thoughtful essays satisfy all tastes, and its last page is famous as a budget of wit and humor. In its weekly issues everything is included which is of interest to women. During 1890 Olive Thorne Miller, Christine Terhune Herrick, and Mary Lowe Dickinson will respectively furnish a series of papers on "The Daughter at Home," "Three Meals a Day," and "The Woman of the Period." The serial novels will be written by Walter Besant and F. W. Robinson.

HARPER'S PERIODICALS

Per Year:

HARPER'S BAZAR	$4 00
HARPER'S MAGAZINE	4 00
HARPER'S WEEKLY	4 00
HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE	2 00

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The Volumes of the Bazar begin with the first Number for January of each year. When no time is mentioned, subscriptions will begin with the Number current at time of receipt of order.

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1890.

Harper's Young People

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

The Eleventh Volume of Harper's Young People, which begins with the Number for November 5, 1889, presents an attractive program. It will offer to its readers at least four serials of the usual length, and others in two or three parts namely, "The Red Mustang," by William O. Stoddard; "Phil and the Baby," by Lucy C. Lillie; "Prince Tommy," by John Russel Coryell; and "Mother's Way," by Margaret E. Sangster; two short serials by Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen. Two series of Fairy Tales will attract the attention of lovers of the wonder-world, namely, the quaint tales told by Howard Pyle, and so admirably illustrated by him, and another series in a different vein by Frank M. Bicknell. There will be short stories by W. D. Howells, Thomas Nelson Page, Mary E. Wilkins, Nora Perry, Harriet Prescott Spofford, David Ker, Hezekiah Butterworth, Sophie Swett, Richard Malcolm Johnston, etc.

A subscription to Harper's Young People secures a juvenile library. There is useful knowledge, also plenty of amusement.—*Boston Advertiser.*

TERMS: Postage Prepaid. $2 00 Per Year.

Vol. XI. begins November 5, 1889.

Specimen Copy sent on receipt of a two-cent stamp.

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ELY'S Cream Balm

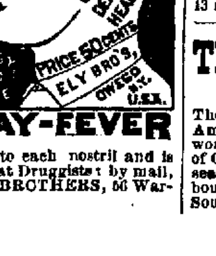
Cleanses the Nasal Passages.

Allays Pain and Inflammation.

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Restores the Sense of Taste and Smell.

CATARRH



Try the Cure **HAY-FEVER**

A particle is applied into each nostril and is agreeable. Price 50 cents at Druggists; by mail, registered, 60 cts. ELY BROTHERS, 56 Warren Street, New York.

Miscellaneous

T. W. & C. J. Patton,

Wholesale and retail dealer in

BEST BRANDS OF Tobacco, Cigars, Snuff, &c.

No. 6 Mill St., Bristol, Pa.,

We are in receipt of the following brands of cigars from our factory, 510 1st district: "CIGARROS", guaranteed full Havana filler, Sumatra wrapper.

Specialties of P. LORRILARD & CO'S, WILSON & McCULLAY'S, BUCHANAN & LYALL'S Plug and Cut Tobaccos.

NORTH STAR.

And other brands of superior, Cut Tobaccos on hand in large quantities.

"THE ORIGINAL BRISTOL BOY." The leading straight 5 cent cigar in the market.
"THE CAPTAIN." The same price and equally good in quality.
"DELICIOSOS." Seed and Havana, Connecticut binder, and Sumatra wrapper.
Give the above brands a trial. Guaranteed to be as represented or no sale. Give them a trial and you will always buy.

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Philadelphia Times

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The Times is the most extensively circulated and widely read newspaper published in Pennsylvania. Its discussion of public men and public measures is in the interest of public integrity, honest government and prosperous industry, and it knows no party or personal allegiance in treating public issues. In the broadest and best sense a family and general newspaper.

The News of the World. The Times has all the facilities of advanced journalism for gathering news from all the quarters of the Globe, in addition to that of the Associated Press, now covering the whole world in its scope, making it the perfection of a newspaper with everything carefully edited to occupy the smallest space.

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Contributors to the Sunday edition of The Times include many of the foremost names in contemporary literature, both American and European. Its contents cover the whole field of human interest with all that is freshest and best in

POLITICS	FICTION
LITERATURE	POETRY
SCIENCE	ART
SOCIETY	DRAMA
FASHION	MUSIC
THE HOUSEHOLD	HUMOR
LABOR	SPORT
ATHLETICS	CHESS
RACING	YACHTING
ROWING	CRICKET
BASE BALL	FOOT-BALL
&c. &c.	&c. &c.

Our Boys and Girls—No other newspaper gives the same careful attention to the needs and tastes of young readers. The page devoted especially to them commands the services of the best writers and is edited with scrupulous care, with the aim of making it entertaining and instructive and helpful to the sound education as well as to the pure amusement of both big and little boys and girls.

The Illustrations of The Times are recognized as the very best printed in any daily newspaper, and with the elegance of typography for which The Times is noted, add to its popularity among all classes of readers.

THE TIMES aims to have the largest circulation by deserving it, and claims that it is unsurpassed in all the essentials of a great metropolitan newspaper.

Specimen Copies of any edition will be sent free to anyone sending their address.

Terms—Daily, $3 per annum; $1 for four months; 30 cents per month; delivered by carriers for 6 cents per week; Sunday Edition—sixteen large, handsome pages—128 columns, elegantly illustrated, $2 per annum; 5 cents per copy. Daily and Sunday $1 per annum; 50 cents per month. Weekly edition, $1 per annum.

Address all letters to

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And artists contribute to SANTA CLAUS. Here are some of them: Andrew Carnegie, Hezekiah Butterworth, Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, Will Carleton, David Ker, J. T. Trowbridge, Palmer Cox, President C. M. Woodward, Joseph Pennell, J. Carter Beard, and Howard Pyle.

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The New York World

Is the Giant Among Newspapers.

Total Circulation of the 1581 North American Dailies, **1,782,690,000.**

Total Circulation of THE WORLD, 1889, (estimated), **120,000,000.**

"The World's" one-fifteenth of all Combined.

Daily Circulation of 1,580 Newspapers,	5,372,873
Daily Circulation of THE WORLD,	340,877

How the World Has Grown:

1882	8,151,157
1883	12,235,238
1884	28,519,785
1885	51,241,267
1886	70 126,041
1887	83,389,828
1888	104,473,650
1889. (Estimated)	120,000,000

The NEW YORK WEEKLY WORLD

is the Best and Biggest Newspaper on the North American Continent.

A Popular Book published in and given with each issue. ☞ Subscription price $1.00 per year of 52 numbers. Six months' subscription, 26 numbers, 60 cents. Three months' subscription, 13 numbers, 25 cents.

THE HOTEL EASTMAN,

HOT SPRINGS, ARK.

The largest and finest **RESORT HOTEL** in America, with the finest Bath Houses in the world connected, will open (under management of O. G. Barron, of White Mountain Hotels) for season of 1890, January 15th. Tickets should be bought via. St. Louis and Iron Mountain & Southern R. R.

Miscellaneous

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T. B. DOUGLASS.

No. 61 Mill Street, Bristol Pa.,

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Parlor Stoves, Double Heaters, Cook Stoves, Ranges, Portable Heaters, High Art Stoves, and Embossed Stove Boards, and Bread Boxes, Tin Pitchers, Paper Wash Basins, Galvanized Waiters, Argot Ware, Knives, Forks and Spoons.

Metaline Brilliant,

the best article in the world for cleaning nicke, brass, silver, &c.

Wash Boilers, Japan-ware, Milk Pans and other articles in the tin line

Polite attention. No trouble to show goods.

TIN ROOFING A SPECIALTY

All orders by mail will receive prompt attention.

Sherman & Peirce,

MANUFACTURERS OF

Sash, Doors, Blinds, Mouldings, &c.

Specialties made of

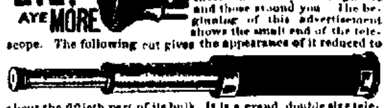
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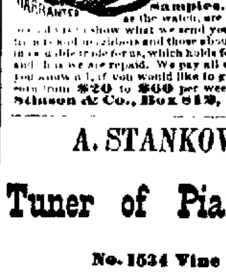
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